Wilder Mind

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Wilder Mind

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Summary

Will and Matt met by accident, but fall hard for each other into a whirlwind romance that can only end in disaster.

Chapter 1

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Matthew didn't need a soul. He'd learned not to, given his upbringing, or lack thereof. He went to work at his construction job, came home, ate, slept, and did it all over again. It was routine, if not boring, but it worked. The lone hawk knew he'd never find his mate, no one that was good enough really. One day, everything changed. On his way to his truck, walking down the sidewalk, he noticed a curly haired man walking with his dog, and there was something… beautiful about him. Matt smiled at him, his eyes lighting up as they stood at the crosswalk and when he didn't smile back, he gestured to try to make himself be noticed.

It didn't take long then for Matthew to connect the dots. With pause to think, he finally spoke, his tone quiet, and soft, almost uncertain. It hid the power within. "What's your dog's name?"

The other man's grip tightened around the leash, head turning toward Matt, as though to get a better sense of him. "Winston."

"Hey Winston," Matt said, a smile in his tone. He looked at Will and rubbed his own jaw. "I'm Matthew, or Matt. May I pet him? I love dogs."

Most guide dogs weren't supposed to, but Will was lenient if anything. "Yeah, that's fine," Will said. "Will." He offered his hand in the direction of Matt's voice.

"A pleasure," Matt said, taking Will's hand and shaking. He let go and leaned over to pet Winston, getting behind his ears. "I was on my way home but I could use some coffee. Want to join me? My treat."

"I've just come from coffee," Will explained, slightly oblivious to Matt's advances. "But thank you."

"I guess what I mean is, I'd like to get to know you better, just to make that clear," Matt said with a grin, his hand covering his mouth as he spoke and gazed at Will.

"Oh," Will chuckled, head ducked as curls fell over his sunglasses. "Sorry. I'm used to being ignored or brushed off when people realize I'm blind."

"I'm still here, and I realized almost right away. Due to Winston," Matt said, stepping just a bit closer. The attraction was immediate. At least for him. "So is that a yes? I don't bite. Usually."

Will bit his cheek and nodded. "I could use another cup of coffee."

"Great, there's one a couple of stores down. Might be the one you came from," Matt smiled, and then angled his body towards it, his brown leather jacket creaking as he did.

“I came the other way. My preferred spot. Lead the way,” Will asked, reaching out to touch Matt’s shoulder. “If you don’t mind.”

“Not at all,” Matt crooned, his muscular shoulder flexing briefly before he began to do just that. “But we can go to your preferred place if you want?”

“No that’s alright.” Will curled his fingers around the leather wrapped bicep, feeding off Matt’s emotions that were so openly presented to him.

It felt right, predestined, with Will on his arm, which was something Matt had never felt before. Certainly not so quickly. He lead them to the Cafe and then opened the door. “The counter is about ten steps to the right, clear path.”

“Thanks,” Will said with some surprise, counting out the steps to the counter rather than letting Matt lead him. He ordered a plain coffee with one packet of sugar.

Matthew was… prepared, for their coffee shop visit, needless to say, and he ordered a cup with cream and sugar. “You're welcome.”

They took their drinks and Will maneuvered with Winston to a seat by the window. He liked the sun on him if nothing else. “How did you know to do that?”

“My mother, she is or was without sight. She liked coming here,” Matt explained, blowing in his coffee as he learned forward.

“Sorry to hear,” Will murmured around his cup, careful to blow on it first, feeling it out by the heat it puffed into his face. “Nice that you continue to come here.” Will’s brows knit together, hoping that wasn’t the association as to why he’d brought Will here.

“I like it here, the coffee is good, and it’s close to work,” Matt said, picking up on that concern from the furrow of Will’s brow. He missed his mother but that wasn’t at all his reasoning. More than that, it would have a new association now.

“Where do you work?” Will took another sip, skipping over any other question of Matt’s mother for now.

“Baltimore Construction Co,” Matthew answered, taking a gulp of his coffee with a hum. He set it down and let his eyes wander over Will’s form freely. Since he was able to. “Been there for a couple of years now. It’s not the best job, but it pays the bills, and doesn’t require a lot of socializing.”

“Not very social?” Will asked, smirking around the rim of his cup. “I sculpt for a living, fix boat motors.”

“No, I’ve never needed it,” Matt said, and then smiled, taking another sip. “Impressive. I’d like to see your work. If you want.”

“I work from my garage, which is a few hours from here,” Will explained, sitting back in his chair, enjoying the sun on him. “I’m killing time right now until I pick up my daughter from therapy.”

“How old is your daughter?” Matt asked, not pushing for an invitation to Will’s house yet. He drank more coffee and stretched, leaning forward again to drink in Will once more.

“She’s almost thirteen.” Will said, though he didn’t look old enough to have a child old.

“How old are you?” Matt asked, thinking that very thing. He wanted to know everything about him so he figured the basics first.

“Twenty eight,” Will chuckled. “She’s adopted.”

“Oh okay,” Matt smiled, and bumped Will’s foot with his own. “I knew you didn't look old enough.”

“She went through some things a year ago, and her parents are dead, so I took her in and they asked if I wanted to adopt her,” Will explained, flushing a little when their feet touched and then their knees on accident.

Matt licked his lips when he saw that flush but he contained himself. Instead, he finished his coffee and set the cup down. “How did they die… if you don't mind me asking.”

“Her father killed her mother and then himself. Tragic, he tried to kill her, too, but they got to him before he could.” Will toyed with the rim of his cup and then brought the last bit to his lips to drink.

The way Will explained it was… interesting. There was darkness there he assumed or strength, well, strength wasted since he knew there was little to be done with his lack of sight. Matt felt a need to watch over him then, to be the Alpha hawk. Could Will be his mate? As he contemplated, he watched the other’s mouth. “That is tragic. I'm….sorry to hear that. She's lucky to have you.”

“Lucky to have each other.” Will licked a drop of coffee from his lips. He phone chimed, and he checked the message, having it read out loud to him. “I have to go get her now. It’s a little walk for me.”

“I wouldn't mind taking you,” Matt offered, pulling out his keys and cigarettes, once he looked at the time. “I know you don't know me well but I would be...honored to.”

“That might be helpful. I don’t want to keep her waiting.” Will stood and left his cup there, and waited for Matt. Winston wagged at his feet, brushing against him.

Matt offered his arm, letting it brush against Will if he chose to take it and left a tip on the table. “I wouldn't want that either. I'm ready if you are,” he grinned.

With a small smile, Will took Matt’s arm. “Yeah, let’s go.”

Matt lead Will out, feeling like ‘the cock of the walk’, as they headed towards his truck, which wasn’t far. When they reached it, he stopped just shy. “We’re here. A step up, its a high truck. Old, but it gets me around.”

Will patted the seat for Winston to get in first and then felt out the door to hoist himself in. “At least you drive,” Will teased, not one who didn’t know how to poke fun at himself.

“True enough,” Matt chuckled, taking a second to look at Will’s ass before closing the door for him once his feet were clear. He jogged around and got into the driver’s side, starting up the truck, and putting on his seatbelt. “Where to?”

“Liberty and fifth. There’s a office building there,” Will answered, buckling in. “I really appreciate this.”

“Got it,” Matthew said, and then seeing Will was buckled up, he backed out. “And it’s no problem at all. Gives me more time to talk to you, and look at you too.”

Will laughed out loud. “Look at me?”

“Yeah,” Matt said, a grin in his tone before he took a left. “You’re easy on the eyes. A beautiful bird.”

“Are you flirting with me?” Will asked, more than aware now that Matthew had an interest, but in his own mind he needed that to be solid knowledge.

“I am,” Matt answered, unabashedly, stopping at the red light. He was very interested, he felt as though he might never have another opportunity like this again. “If that’s alright?”

“Yes,” Will chuckled, hands in his lap as his eyes stared out, unfocused, through his sunglasses. “I’m… I mean, I might be convinced to go on a date.”

“I’m glad because that was the next thing I was going to ask. I had planned on finding out if you wanted to come over for dinner tonight or tomorrow,” Matthew chuckled again, heading down the road when the light turned green. “Bring Abigail if you want, or just you, and Winston. Any time really.”

“I’ll have to ask her. I don’t leave her home alone, often,” Will said, spreading his hands over his thighs. “We live in Wolftrap, if you wanted to come that way. Then she can always hide in her room.”

“I’ll come to you, since it seems easier,” Matt assured, liking the idea of knowing where he lived anyway. He turned onto Liberty, heading towards the intersection with Fifth. He was glad he had offered the ride, as it was a pretty long jaunt. “Anytime you want.”

“Thank you. It is, for now.” Wil waited until they were parked and then he opened the door and handed Matthew his phone. “Will you put your number in under your name so I can text you my address?”

“Gladly,” Matt said, and did just that, handing the phone back to Will once he saved it. Once his seatbelt was off, he got out and walked over to make sure Will got out okay. “I’ll be checking my phone often, waiting for you.”

“We can set a time now, if you want,” Will said, surprised when Matt was there in front of him as he slid out of the truck, Winston following.

“Your call, I’m free for you whenever you want me to be,” Matthew crooned, and then shut the door behind Will. “Tonight even…”

“A ride home could have dinner in it for you,” Will suggested, instinctively angling his body toward Matt.

“Even better, since I was going to offer to take you both home,” Matt smiled, leaning towards Will as well, like to hawks in a nest, snuggling close.

“Good then it’s settled,” Will whispered. He could feel Matt’s proximity, smiling.

“It is,” Matthew whispered back, licking his lips as his vivid blue eyes scanned over Will once more.

“I’ll go get her.” Will tutted for Winston to maneuver them around Matt and toward the building. “I won’t be long.”

“I’ll be right here,” Matt promised, almost going with Will, to make sure he was safe, but they’d only just met and he clearly knew where he was going.

Will disappeared and returned a few minutes later with a young girl, brunette and blue eyed, they could almost be related, if someone didn’t know any better. “Abigail, this Matthew. Matthew, Abigail, my daughter.”

Abigail held out her hand, assessing Matt. “Hi.”

Matt crouched a little and took her hand into his own, shaking gently as he smiled. “Hey there, Abigail. That’s a pretty name. Nice to meet you.”

She leveled him with a look. “I’m not five.”

Will laughed. “Sorry,” he said preemptively, and ushered her toward the truck where Winston was leading him.

Matt barked out a laugh at that, and shook his head. “No, that you’re not. You’ve got spunk. That’s a good thing, but you can still have a pretty name,” he added, walking with both of them. Touching Will’s arm, he whispered, “It’s okay. I like her.”

Abigail hopped in and Winston with her, and then Will. Once in, he buckled in once more. “She’s something else. I like her.” He reached back to pat her leg once, which Abigail smiled at and rubbed Will’s arm. It seemed they kept each other good company, like they needed each other.

“She doesn’t seem like the usual children her age, which is a good thing,” Matt grinned, and buckled up, starting the truck once more once he was in and set. “Okay, so where am I heading this time?”

“Wolftrap. Once you get there, I can give you better directions,” Will said, though his sense of it was bad, he knew the streets and turns to say.

“Okay,” Matt said, nodding, as he turn out onto the road, knowing how to get to Wolftrap at least. “I’ll let you know when we’re there.”

They made it within the hour and Will gave him the rest of the directions and Abigail helped to make sure they got there okay on the abandoned road. Once parked, Will got out and then offered Abigail his hand, which she refused, hugged him, and then went to unlock the front door of their quaint house.

Matt shut his door, then walked over to Will, looking around at the setup there. “This is nice,” he said, hands in his pockets. It was a perfect setting for them, he thought to himself. “It’s peaceful out here.”

“Quiet. Fishing not far from here at the river,” Will explained as they walked into the house, more dogs meeting them.

“I like to fish,” Matt said, leaning down to let the dogs sniff of him, and then petting each one, before standing back up. “I bet you’re a dog person,” he chuckled, playfully.

“How could you tell?” Will retorted with a smile, shedding his coat at the door.

“Just a wild guess,” Matthew grinned, and then took off his leather jacket, putting it next to Will’s.

Abigail was getting the food out for the dogs, taking them out front to feed them all from the fresh container of it in the fridge. Will padded to the kitchen, more confident in his own home and where to walk. He felt out the fridge door and opened it.

“You’re in luck, we haven’t been fishing in a while,” he mused, “I’ve got steaks defrosted.”

“I enjoy fish, just as I do steak,” Matt assured, walking over to be near Will. He found he felt at ease around him. “It sounds good though. I can help, if you want?”

“Okay,” Will said, smiling a little to feel Matt close. He’d not dated much, at all, and it had been years. He got the steaks out and set them on the counter. Luckily he had four. “There are potatoes on the counters if you could wash and peel?”

“I’d be happy to,” Matthew smiled, pushing up his sleeves and then washing his hands. He leaned towards Will, speaking nearly in his ear. “Where are the knives, beautiful bird?”

“There’s a block of them by the fridge,” Will said, “and if you prefer a peeler, it’s in the drawer below.”

“Thanks,” Matt said, and then moved away, going for a knife lieu of a peeler. He washed them, then began to remove the skins, throwing them away, and setting each clean potato aside.

Will seasoned up the steaks and let them sit, and then pulled a tray from the under the counter, and bowl from overhead, knowing exactly where everything was kept. “We’ll cut them into fries.”

“Good plan,” Matthew said, and began cutting the potatoes into the fries, he stopped, and turned towards Will, licking his lips in thought. “Thick or thin fries?”

“Thick,” Will answered, turning his head toward Matt, his tone laced with a sudden sultry want. Matt had a magnetism about him that Will automatically found himself drawn to, and it had nothing to do with his empathy.

“That is my...specialty,” Matthew said, his own tone a little rougher, where it was usually softer than most males. He let his eyes drift to Will’s lips, biting his own as he did, and then swallowed, beginning to make the fries thick once he was paying them mind again.

“Is that right?” Will set the pan on the stove and tossed in a pad of butter and let it heat up.

“Yeah,” Matt grinned, finishing with the fries after a few minutes. He leaned against the counter, watching Will’s every move.

“Are you watching me?” Will asked, gesturing to the oven. “Stick it in.” He placed the steaks in the heated pan, listening to the sizzle carefully.

“Yes I am,” Matt answered, unabashedly, and then chuckled at the request, clearing his throat. He put the fries in, and closed the oven. “They’re in, perfect fit…”

Will smiled, head ducked. The flirting was new to him, but he found it natural with Matthew. “You’re good at this.”

“Maybe being around you just makes me good,” Matt offered, reaching out and touching Will’s face enough to lift it. He let his fingers trail off his jaw, and back at his side.

“I’m not great at this,” Will admitted openly, out loud. His attention was on the steaks in the large pan. “Flip these for me.”

Matt did, taking care to make sure nothing splattered, and then put the utensil down. “You’re doing just fine in my opinion. I just want you to be yourself.”

“I have no choice but to be myself, “ Will laughed, reaching over them for the plates, setting them down.

“Then we’re agreed, beautiful bird,” Matt laughed with him, taking it upon himself to look for the silverware, setting them on the plates, and then got some glasses. “I just know I like what I’ve seen so far.”

“Beer in the fridge if you want,” Will offered, taking the plates and counting the steps to the table to set them down.

“Thanks.” Matt grabbed a beer, and then one for Will, in case he wanted one also. He set them on the table, fingers curled around the back of the chair. “Anything else? I don’t know

what Abigail wants to drink."

"Water," Will replied with a smile, setting a glass down. He checked the meat and turned then out into a plate, and then carefully removed the fries from the oven.

Matt grabbed a water and poured it into the glass, walking over to pick up the pan Will had set down. He distributed the fries, and got the ketchup. "I think it's all set now. Well, except for some A-1, if you have any?"

"I do, but we hardly use it. It's in the door of the fridge," Will answered, walking to the door to call Abigail and the dogs back in, as Matt went to grab the sauce.

She wandered in and the dogs settled by the fireplace. "Dinner?"

"Yup." Will felt out her chair and let her sit, and then took a seat himself.

Matthew sat down then, and poured some steak sauce on his meat, then set it down, grabbing the utensils. "Smells and looks great, Will."

"Thanks," Will murmured, carefully and meticulously cutting his meat, and then taking a bite. Abigail hummed, slathering her fries in ketchup.

Matt did the same, cutting his steak and then shoved a forkful into his mouth, he chewed with vigor, groaning as the succulent juices melded into his mouth. It had been a while since he'd had something homecooked. "Welcome," he finally said, putting a few fries in next, wiping his mouth on a paper towel. "Tastes good too."

"Glad you decided to come," Will murmured, popping the top of his beer and then taking a swig.

"Are you coming over a lot?" Abigail asked, bluntly.

After opening his own beer, Matthew took a drink and set it down, clearing his throat. "Well, that's up to your dad. I hope so. Would it be alright with you if I did, Abigail?"

She gave Matthew a look, weary and unsure, she'd not been able to trust many since her own father. "Maybe."

"Then you'll both have to let me know what you decide after tonight," Matt chuckled, and took another bite of steak.

Will smiled and they ate the rest of the time in idle chit chat. Abigail got up with the dishes and proceeded to do them, as was the rules if Will made dinner, she would do the dishes, and if they made it together, they both did the dishes. Will cleaned up the empty bottles and wiped down the table.

"You've been really kind to us today, Matt. I feel like we've crossed paths for a good reason."

"I do too," Matt smiled, his face lighting up even if Will wouldn't see it. It was more than evident in his tone though, and he felt a warmth he didn't know he could feel. "I'm just glad

you let me be."

"If you'd like to stay a little longer, I can light the fire and pour some whiskey for us. Abigail will be starting her homework," Will offered up, leaned against the dining room table with his hip.

"I was hoping you'd say that," Matt said, softly once more as he stood and did the same, keeping near. "I can help, if you want?"

Abigail had dismissed herself to the room upstairs, that Will made her room, his own bed in the living room. He got down two tumblers and set them on the counter. "If you'd make the fire."

"Sure," Matt said, and went over to the fireplace, bending down to get it started. Once it was, he turned and looked at Will, standing up. "Got it going, beautiful bird."

Will handed Matt a glass and then counted the steps to the couch and took a seat. "Thank you."

"Welcome, and thanks for the whiskey." Matt said, and then sat down, near Will, turning towards him with his legs spread. "Should we toast?"

For now their politeness was sweet, and Will chuckled to himself about it and lifted his glass toward Matt's voice. "A toast to…?"

"To… being nice," Matt laughed, and then clinked his glass with Will's, "and new beginnings?"

Will's smile grew as he took a sip. "To nice, new beginnings."

Matt took a drink then, watching Will as he did, and swallowed. "Anything with you is nice."

Taking a long sip, Will held the glass in his hands and then leaned a little toward Matt's proximity. "Would it be too forward to ask to kiss you?"

Matt set his glass down and then cupped Will's jaw, speaking over his lips, "Not at all, was about to ask you the same," he said, and then closed the gap. He hummed, not rushing it, but savoring the gentle press.

Will set his glass down, hoping it made it, and touched Matt's chest, slotting their mouths together, slowly. "Same page."

"In one wonderful book," Matt murmured, and then dipped his tongue into Will's mouth, languidly, feeling the shift of muscle under his palm as his heart rate picked up.

A spark coursed through him as fire ignited in his mind. Will wrenched his fingers into Matt's shirt and pulled him closer, nearly on top of him, their tongues sliding together. "Yes."

With one muscular arm braced on the armrest, Matthew groaned, rolling his hips just slightly as he suckled Will's tongue, tasting him thoroughly. He was even better than he'd imagined,

and Matt knew then and there they were fated. “Will...fuck.”

Sucking on Matthew’s lip, Will reached and tugged the hem of his shirt just a bit up, enough to feel out every muscle of the other man’s torso. “Oh, god…”

Matt grinned against Will’s mouth, and likewise slid his hand up the front of Will’s, feeling out his smooth, muscular chest, and abs. “Damn… I think I have to agree there,” he murmured, and then went back in for another headier kiss.

Groaning, Will tugged Matt’s lip between his teeth, gently, and then sucked on it. He wrapped a lean leg around his hip, kicking off his boots as he did. Will couldn’t get enough, he’d left out this part of his life for years, blocking it and pushing it down.

Neither could Matt, not having seen anyone in a while, and never anyone he wanted to keep close. His boots were kicked off as well, and he just hoped that Abigail wouldn’t come out of her room because he was on fire, burning for Will, which was apparent in how he kissed him, and with each roll of his hips. “Will, I can’t remembering wanting anyone as much as I do you.”

“Me either,” Will breathed out and kissed Matt again, hands on his waist, wanting nothing else than to feel out every inch of the well built younger man.

“Taste so good,” Matt whispered, his tone thick with want as he got between Will’s legs and ground down, lifting both of their shirts so that their heated skin could touch as they made out, heavily.

Will pushed his hand down the front of Matt’s jeans, cupping and feeling him, stroking him through the rough fabric as their panted breath filled the air, over the sound of the cracking fire. “Matt-”

“Fuckin’-” Matt grunted, rocking into Will’s palm as he bracketed his head with both arms, kissing down his neck to scrape his teeth over tanned skin. “I… there’s no rush, but damn, I can’t get enough of you.”

“No rush,” Will agreed, but he knew it hardly mattered, their coupling felt inevitable. Every touch from Matt sent fire through his skin, building deep in his core.

Matt hummed and licked back up to Will’s lips, flicking his tongue over and then between them, tracing the seam as his hard cock pressed against his warmth. He knew the same as Will did, and he wouldn’t ever let them part.

“You can stay,” Will managed when he took a breath, cupping Matt’s cock. “Abigail will go to bed soon, we’ll have more privacy.”

“I’d love that,” Matt husked, his hips stuttering and ass flexing under his jeans as he was gripped like that. He ran his thumb over Will’s nipple, nipping at his lips.

The door upstairs opened and Will groaned softly. “Later,” he whispered against Matt’s mouth, promisingly.

Matt understood and quickly moved off of Will, adjusting himself, as he crossed one leg over the other to conceal his erection. Taking up his drink, he patted Will's hand. "Yeah, of course, little bird."

"Sorry," Will murmured around his glass as Abigail entered and eyed them both, going for a glass of water and then returned to sit next to Will.

"We don't have tv out here," she commented, aware they had just the fire and dogs for entertainment.

Matt looked at Abigail, and nodded, giving her a smile before taking another drink of his whiskey, the glass nearly empty. "I have an extra TV at my place, I could bring it out, if that's okay with your dad. I even have one of those sticks you put in for free channels, if cable doesn't come out here."

"We don't need tv," Will insisted, sighing. "Reception is terrible out here for one. I like the radio, it works fine."

"We could try," Abigail said, hoping to convince Will.

"It's up to you, but I don't mind bringing it out here, setting it up. I'm pretty handy when it comes to getting things to work. Wiring, is a specialty," Matt explained, smiling at Abigail to show her he was on her side, but not against Will either.

"I really don't think it's necessary," Will began, but Abigail was clutching his arm.

"Maybe not, but I want to do something nice for you both, and if it doesn't work, I can always take it back," Matt insisted, especially seeing how Abigail really seemed to want it, and he really wanted her approval. "Nothing to lose."

Abigail nodded, and Will shook his head slowly, feeling very tight in the spot between them. "It's not a good idea, she has school work."

"Yeah, of course, you know, just wanted to help out. Don't want to step in where I shouldn't be," Matt said, then gave Abigail a sympathetic smile.

Abigail sighed and then kissed Will's cheek. She tried. "Going to bed."

"Good night, Abby," Will said, touching her arm before she moved away.

"Good night," Matt said to her, waving and when she was gone, he touched Will's hand, "Sorry if I overstepped…"

"We have rules for a reason," Will said, all the heat inside of him was stomped out.

"We did toast to niceness, I was following through," Matt said, not aroused either at the moment.

"Thank you," Will insisted, reaching for his drink to finish it.

“Are you upset with me?” Matt asked, his eyes a little glassy from his thoughts and the whiskey.

“It’s not your place to make promises to her.” Will sighed, holding his glass between his knees. “We aren’t… I mean, we just met, Matt.”

“I made no promises. I just offered to bring over a gift,” Matt pointed out, downing the rest of his whiskey. “Since we just met and she was apprehensive, I wanted to win her over, show her I'm not a bad man to have around. I also thought you might like it.”

“I have no use for a tv,” Will pointed out. “We’ve been fine without one.”

“True, but children seem to like it. Lots can be learned from it,” Matt offered and then took Will’s face between his hands, kissing him. “I like you. I won't see this ruined by a television set.”

“She-” Will started but eased with Matt’s touch, letting out a slow breath. “Okay.”

Matt kissed Will again, dominantly, but still with a certain gentleness, and reverence; he truly wanted to be his everything, a structure for Will to lean on. “Yeah? Good, because I'd rather be doing this.”

“Me too.” Will set his glass down once more and eased back onto the couch, pulling Matt over him again.

“You're a hawk, Will, just like me,” Matt whispered, over his lips before he pulled off his shirt and dipped his tongue inside his mouth.

Will stripped his own off and palmed down Matt’s chest, kissing him deeper as he put the feel of Matt to memory. “Hawk?”

“Yeah. We’re strong alone, but together? We could make an even more powerful team,” Matt husked, kissing down his neck, to take a pert nipple into his mouth. He gazed up at Will, to watch his expressions as he sucked.

With a groan, Will ran his nails down Matt’s back, scratching. “I could see that.”

Matt licked lower, his cock hard and leaking from the tip as he tasted more of Will’s skin, memorizing each bit. He bit at his stomach and breathed over his navel. “It was no accident that we met, beautiful bird.”

“I don’t think so either,” Will breathed out, hands sliding into Matt’s hair the lower he went.

Undoing Will’s belt and then his fly, Matt pulled down his jeans a ways, and nosed at his waist line. He traced under it with his fingers, lightly snapping the elastic of his boxers, “I want to taste you…”

“I would love nothing more,” Will whispered, shaking with need to the very fiber of his being. He traced his fingers down the slope of Matt’s neck, toward his jaw.

Matt didn't delay and at the permission he pulled Will's pants as well as his boxers all the way off, groaning when he saw just how hard he was. Wrapping his hand around the shaft, he ran his tongue over the damp slit, collecting it greedily on his tongue. "Mmm."

Will palmed down Matt's head, keeping him there while he rolled his hips forward, the low rising heat in his belly burning hotter. "Matt…"

A muffled groan rumbled against Will's cock as Matt took Will down to the root, his lips swelling and red from his ministrations. He was hard as a rock inside his jeans, but all he wanted--all he needed--was to give Will a night he wouldn't forget.

"Oh-" Will moaned, biting his lip to keep the word from spilling out too loudly, fingernails digging into the back of Matt's skull.

Matt hollowed his cheeks, his hand gently rolling Will's furry balls as he worked him over. He began to rut against the couch, slowly, to give some friction to his own dick. Will could feel the movement, which only spurred on the heat coiling his belly.

"I can either blow you after or we change up positions."

"Sit on my face, in your bed," Matt suggested, undoing his jeans with one hand as he mouthed over Will's shaft. He wriggled out of them, and kicked them off.

"Yeah," Will managed and nodded his head, frantically, wriggling from Matt's grip to get to his feet, stumbling to the bed, hand out idly for his new beau.

Matt took his hand, and followed him to the bed, a little nervous Abigail might hear or come out, but he knew Will wouldn't do anything like this if there was a chance. At the bed, he laid down, on his back, naked from head to toe, save for his socks, and pulled his beautiful bird on top of him to kiss him. "This feels perfect… just need to turn you around now."

"You'll need to let go then," Will whispered against Matt's mouth, grinning. He palmed down his chest to his hip.

"If I have to," Matt grinned back, and then let go, helping to guide Will around. He took his hips, and pulled his ass right to his mouth, starting to lick his hole, hungrily.

"Oh-" Will gasped, bending over Matt as he palmed his cock, and then sucked the tip into his mouth, laving his tongue over the tip.

Matt moaned in between Will's cheeks, snaking his hand around and down to stroke Will's cock as he continued to feast on his ass. Every nerve ending in his body was ablaze, battery acid burning through his veins. "Fuck-"

Will took Matt down to the hilt and then back up again, taking his time in working him over, squeezing his balls in one hand, gentle but with enough force to illicit pleasure with the pain.

At that, Matt smacked Will's ass, but did so with a cupped hand to keep the sound to a minimum. He kneaded the flesh, spreading him open further as he fucked inside with his tongue.

Gasping, Will slid his teeth against the head of Matt's cock. "Matt-" They were so intune with each other already, Will was reeling from the bond they were quickly forming.

Matt was also, and he pulled Will back enough to take down his cock, opening his throat as he inserted a finger into his worked open hole to do so further. His orgasm built in his core, and he tried to stave it off, not wanting the moment to be over too soon. Will rutted back against Matt's finger, panting while he tried to hold off his own orgasm.

"Another," he whispered, roughly, and sucked on Matt's cock head, rubbing his tongue over the sensitive spots.

Inserting another, Matthew groaned, the sound vibrating up Will's shaft as he began working both fingers in and out, slowly. He continued to suckle his cock, his eyes watering from the force of it.

"I can't-" Will warned, unable to stop the boiling point once his prostate was prodded and his cock sucked. He came, in hot waves, spurting down Matt's throat with a gasp, and then went back to working him toward the edge.

As Matt felt that hot, sticky come slid down his throat, coating his tongue, combined with how Will worked him, he couldn't hold back either. His warning was a cant of hips, and a sound squeeze of his ass, just before he spilled into his beau's mouth, muscles stuttering. Will took every last drop, licking Matt clean until he was sure nothing more would come out.

"God…"

"I agree," Matt panted, and then licked Will's softening cock before he moved him, pulling him into his strong, muscular arms to kiss him. "You're sensational, little bird."

"All I did was blow you," Will insisted, kicking covers up and over them, just in case.

"And it was perfect," Matt said and rolled half on top of Will, kissing him into the mattress before he laid back down.

Will rolled to lean against Matt, laying on him. "Guess that's all that matters."

Chapter 2

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

A few weeks passed and they were nearly inseparable. Even though they hadn't had sex yet, Matt was in love. He hoped Will was, and he really still hoped to win Abigail's affections. With that in mind, Matthew knocked on Will's door, something next to him that he brought, wrapped in a big brown ribbon.

Will opened the door just a crack. "Who is it?"

"It's me baby," Matt grinned, and waited for Will to open the door the rest of the way. When he did, he kissed him and touched his arm. "Don't be mad, but I brought a gift."

Leaning into the kiss, Will's brows raised slightly. "You… what?"

"I brought the TV. I know what you said, but listen little bird, it can help her learn, and give her something to do. She seems bored," Matt offered, touching Will's jaw. "So where should I move it?"

"I don't have hook ups," Will insisted, every muscle in his body tensing at once as he moved out of the way. He'd thought he had made himself pretty clear. "She's not bored. Children entertained themselves long before television was invented."

"All I need is a power outlet. I brought a signal extender that will help pick it up some local channels though," Matt said, and then sighed, "what do you have against this? Were you denied the ability to listen to it as a boy? Shouldn't she have something fun, baby?"

Abigail walked in, it was saturday and she was painting in her room earlier. "A tv?" she asked, looking at Matt and then Will, who didn't look too happy.

Will outwardly sighed, shrugging his shoulders, exasperated. Winston went to his side and rubbed against his leg, soothing him. Matt nodded and then brought it inside, setting it up in the corner. He figured Will would come around to the idea.

Once it was hooked up, he handed Will the control. "There's braille on the keys, in case you want to listen to it."

"No thanks," Will said and let the control go to Abigail instead. She took it with a kiss to Will's cheek, painfully unaware for now.

Matt rubbed his jaw and then when Abigail was occupied, he touched Will's lower back, "Maybe we should talk?"

"I thought we had." Will rubbed a hand over his face. "You undermined me, again."

“I wouldn’t call it that. I just figured once you heard how happy Abigail was, you’d come around,” Matt said, tucking a curl behind Will’s ear. “You don’t have to do things alone. I’m here to help. Let me.”

“I don’t need your help, or anyone’s help,” Will said, flinching as he turned away from Matt’s touch. “I’ve gotten on just fine before you, I can continue to do so.”

“Will… you’re being silly. All of this, because I brought you over at TV? A nice one too honestly,” Matt said, his muscular arms crossing over his chest. “I’ll take it back if you want.”

“You don’t have to live with a teenage girl.” Will seethed, stubborn nature be damned, he didn’t feel like reigning it now. “Take it away and I’m the one that does damage control, not fun… uncle Matt.”

“*Uncle*? I guess we’ve been incestuous,” Matt huffed, and hooked his arms around Will’s shoulders, leaning in to kiss his neck. “Come on, baby, don’t be this way.”

Will huffed back. “Can we please make a pact? Not to undermine each other and discuss it thoroughly first? If I say no, it means no.”

“Yeah, little bird. I won’t undermine you again,” Matt whispered and kissed up to Will’s ear, speaking against it, “I’m sorry. Forgive me?”

Finally, Will caved and wrapped his arms around Matt’s back. “Yes. I forgive you.”

“Thank you,” Matthew murmured, and kissed all over the side of Will’s neck, playfully nipping at it as he lifted him a little off the ground in the embrace. “How about I order us some pizza for dinner? If you want?”

“Sure.” Will nuzzled back against Matt’s skin, basking in his warmth for a bit longer. “Pizza sounds great.”

“And wings I think,” Matt smiled, capturing Will’s lips for a kiss before he let go. “It’ll go great with beer.”

Will now stocked the fridge with Matt’s favorite beer, but hardly drank it himself. “Whatever you guys want.”

“Thanks,” Matt said, and then sat on the couch, kicking off his boots, as the dogs came over. He petted them and pulled out his phone. “Hungry? I can order now, or wait a bit.”

“Either way.” Will went to the kitchen to get himself a glass of whiskey as Abigail flipped through the few channels they had. “Now works.”

Matt watched Will, and then dialed the number, ordering two extra large pizzas, wings, soda, and dessert. Overcompensating? Maybe a bit. Nonetheless, he hung up, and walked over to his beau. “Thirty minutes to an hour.”

Downing his drink, Will nodded, shaking off the tension in his shoulders. He liked Matt, just not when Matt tried to treat him like something delicate. “Longer probably, way out here.”

“Good thing I ordered it now,” Matt said, and kissed Will twice, reaching around him to get into the fridge to grab a beer. He was already so besotted.

“It’ll be just in time,” Will commented, leaning in to rested his head on Matt’s shoulder for a second.’

“It will,” Matt hummed, enjoying the closeness, and that Will had in fact forgiven him. He couldn’t help but to want to take care of him, and be a sort of provider, even if it was just a couple weeks in. “I’ll set the table?”

“I’ll get it,” Will insisted, letting go of Matt to grab down the plates, feeling out the cabinets for them.

“Thanks, baby,” Matt agreed, not wanting to be pushy or intrusive when things were still a little fragile from before. He opened his beer, and took a sip, leaning against the counter to watch his beautiful bird work.

Will set the plates down and then paper towels, taking his time to be sure he didn’t drop any plates. “Will you see if we have ranch left?”

“Sure,” Matt said, and then turned around to open the fridge again. He found the bottle of ranch, and pulled it out, walking over to set it down. “Ordered some chocolate lava cakes for dessert. They’re little mini cakes. Really good. Figure we can jog it off tomorrow, if you want?”

“Going to have to after all this food,” Will chuckled, hardly one to eat so boisterously.

Matt had a good appetite but his construction job afforded it, as he usually burned it right off. If not he liked jogging and weight lifting. With a chuckle of his own, he touched the small of Will’s back. “You have a perfect body, you have nothing to worry over.” ”

“No?” Will turned in Matt’s arms, forgetting the tv for now as he wrapped his arms around his shoulders. “Hardly as nice as yours.”

“Yours is better,” Matt insisted, his tone flirtatious as he kissed Will’s lips, and then his brow. “But I'm glad you like mine.”

Will ran his hands down over Matt’s shoulders and chest, fingers splayed over the tight muscle. He couldn’t see it, but he knew Matt worked hard. “I might love it.”

“It's all yours,” Matt crooned, his pecs flexing under Will’s touch as he gazed at him. He cupped his jaw, tracing it with his fingertips. “I love everything about you.”

Tilting his head up into Matt’s touch, Will sighed contentedly. “That’s a good start.”

“I think so too, little bird,” Matt hummed, and embraced Will fully, smelling of his hair.

Arms around Matt once again, Will held him close, relinquishing his grudge about the tv for now. “I missed you.”

“I missed you too,” Matt whispered, nuzzling into Will’s neck. He was glad they were okay again, as the thought of every being away from his mate made him want to destroy the world.

Will licked his lips once, pulling Matt closer. “I don’t like fighting with you.”

“Neither do I, baby,” Matt said, and then kissed Will’s neck, his ear, and finally his mouth.

***

The next morning, since Matt stayed the night without issue, they got up early despite Will having not slept much, and went for their run. It was a little harder for Will, but he’d beaten out a path on his land a long time ago that he knew by touch of his feet now, and the feel of the dirt path.

Matt jogged with ease, nudging Will playfully as they did. The cool air aided in it, and he enjoyed being next to his beau. “Nothing like a morning run.”

“It’s fucking freezing,” Will laughed, keeping a good pace for himself, just in case there was something new on the path, but he trusted Matt to warn him.

Matt would and he took Will’s hand, guiding him around a limb there. “Yeah it's pretty damned cold,” he laughed, and stopped him, holding his face for a kiss. “We can go back, if you want?”

“You already got me up this early and out the door, I’m not giving up now,” Will murmured against Matt’s mouth, relishing in the warmth against his cool lips.

“Good,” Matt whispered, and kissed Will once more, before taking his hand again, starting to jog. “Let’s go then, beautiful bird. Time to fly.”

Will picked up speed with Matt, glad to have him to help guide, he couldn’t do this sort of thing on his own all the time, despite how independent he could be. “I’m going, I’m going…”

“Yeah baby, that’s it,” Matt huffed, watching Will from his periphery as his heart pounded and chest expanded. The sound of their feet thudding on the dirt trodden path was amazing, and it really cleared his head.

Chest heaving, cold air filled Will’s lungs, daring to seize them up in the moment, realizing just how out of shape he was. “Fuck…”

Matt slowed, and then stopped, taking Will with him. After catching his breath, he rubbed Will’s back. “You alright, little bird? Just breathe, nice and slow. We’ll head back, and tomorrow or the next time, we’ll maybe take it easier.”

“No, no, I’m good.” Stubborn as always, Will waved Matt off and started up again. “C’mon, c’mon, let’s earn that breakfast.”

“You’ll throw up, if you don’t take it easier,” Matt warned, but kept up with him, right by his side in case he needed him. Breakfast, however, sounded wonderful.

“Nothing on my stomach to throw up.” Will smiled, casting it toward Matt’s voice as they ran.

Matt just chuckled, and slapped Will’s ass, gently, running a few feet ahead of him. Moments like this made all the difference, and it wasn’t a problem that they’d not gone all the way yet. Will huffed to catch up, trying to listen for Matt’s footfalls.

“Don’t get too far ahead.”

“Never, baby,” Matt assured, only a few feet ahead. He slowed, waiting for Will, and catching his breath.

Will reached out to feel if Matt was there, fingers grasped into his shirt, and once he was sure, he made a decisions and jumped on his back. “Now you can’t.”

Matt grunted with an ‘Oof’ and then laughed, hoisting Will up higher on his back as he turned back just to gaze at him. He then faced forward once more and began running, as much as he could. “I think this is exactly the right spot for you.”

“Make you work for all that bacon I’m going to make when we get home.” Will wrapped himself around Matt tighter, carefree laughing as the wind blew against his face.

“I’ll do my best not to let you down,” Matt grunted, hefting Will up again as he ran a bit faster, strong chest heaving. This was certainly taking care of his weight lifting routine for the day. He did so enjoy hearing his little bird laugh like that though.

Jostled about, Will laughed harder, gripping for life onto Matt and kissed his neck. “Come on, let’s go home, sweaty.”

“Just means we may need to shower together…” Matt flirted, and turned around to head back to the house. He took a breath, determined to continue carrying Will the whole way back. “*After* we eat, and if you want.”

“Why wouldn’t I?” Will blurted out, running his palms down Matt’s chest.

“I’m glad to hear that,” Matt grinned, as they neared the house, step by step.

Once there, Will hopped down and pushed the door open. Abigail was on the couch reading. Will headed up to the private bathroom, tugging Matt with him, carefully feeling his way up the steps.

Matt followed, eagerly, and once they were at the bathroom, he pushed Will against the door, kissing him. “So I guess we’re going right to the shower?” he husked, sucking his lower lip, “no complaints here, baby.”

“I don’t want sweat in the bacon and eggs,” Will groaned against Matt’s mouth, working his own shirt and tennis off at the door.

Matt reached around with one hand, twisting the door knob to open the door as his arm snaked around to hold Will, making sure he didn't fall in. He backed him inside, and closed it behind them, kicking off his shoes, and pulling his own shirt off, slick muscles pressing against Will's equally smooth skin. "Can't have that," he murmured, undoing Will's pants, then his own, shimmying out of them. "Fuck, you're sexy as hell."

Will tugged Matt toward him, reaching behind him to feel out the shower, turning it on. He chuckled, having no idea if he was or not, everything was relative to Will. Matt tested the water, and once they were both nude, he kissed him the whole way. Inside, he pressed against his body, his hands seeking planes of muscle, down to his cock, which he stroked as he sucked on his neck.

"Matt…" Will whispered, gasping out into the heated hair, gripping Matt closer to him, his hands running down his ass, rolling his hips into his fist. Matt groaned at how Will responded to him, grabbing the soap and using it to lather up his cock for a slicker glide.

"That's it, baby, let yourself feel it all."

Everything they did was more than Will had ever done in his life, and he enjoyed every single moment. Heat coiled in his core, seeping to his loins. "Fuck-"

"Yeah," Matt husked, and then put his cock beside Will's stroking them both at once as bit at his neck, hips thrusting. Hot water cascaded over their chiseled forms, their nipples brushing.

Will touched Matt's face with one hand and kissed him deeply, panting against his mouth as he held his ass just *there* to keep their lengths sliding together in Matt's palm. Matt returned the kiss with equal fervor, working them over as his breath picked up. He knew it wouldn't take long like this.

"Fuckin…"

"Good-" Will managed, shaking under the spray as all the pent up tension from the night before started to come quickly to a head.

Matt kept his eyes open, watching Will as his balls began to draw up, his muscles clenching from the way he was moving his body. He licked into Will's mouth, his cock throbbing, and finally spurted up and over them both. "Will!"

"Matt-!" was Will's reply, coming into his hand with a strangled groan, muffled in the steamy hair as he held on faster and tight, riding out the waves.

Holding him through their mutual release, Matt panted and kissed Will again. He smiled and grabbed the soap, starting to bathe him. "Fuck. That was perfect. Always is with you."

Will laughed, breathless, and kissed Matt sweetly on the mouth. "Everything feels right with you."

"It does, I know baby. You feel right to me," Matt whispered, as he gazed at Will worshipfully. Will was his God now.

Will reached for where he kept the shampoo and poured some into Matt's hair and began to massage it in. "That saying something."

"I think so too," Matt said, closing his eyes as Will did that. It felt good, very good, and he rested against the shower wall to brace himself. "Damn, that feels wonderful, little bird."

Will laughed, still getting used to being doted on, and his guard was still up, too, but Matt was slowly breaking him down. "Yeah?" He massaged his fingers in deeper, happy to feel Matt melt under his touch.

"Yeah," Matt confirmed, groaning, and licking his lips. He wasn't used to being doted on either, not physically or verbally, but he loved it, as much as he loved doing it. "Fuck, baby."

Will pulled Matt in for a kiss, nipping at his lips. Where ever they were headed, he'd let the rest lead them for now. "Rinse."

Matt did exactly that, making sure to get all the soap from his short locks. He then grabbed the shampoo, and started working it into Will's hair, massaging his scalp. "I hope you never cut your hair, little bird. I love your curls."

"I'll have to at some point, or I'm told it gets very poofy," Will grinned, leaning forward to let Matthew wash his hair for him.

Laughing at that, Matt rubbing Will's temples, at his hairline, and then back down the nape of his neck. "Can't have that," he whispered, and lead him under the spray. "Time to rinse."

Leaning into the spray, Will let the water rinse away all the soap, feeling out the strands with his fingers to know when it was done. He wiped his eyes and hugged Matt. "Hungry?"

"Starved," Matt answered, kissing Will's wet shoulder. He finished bathing him, and then himself, cutting the water off. With a towel in hand, he dried him, and wrapped it around Will's waist, then did the same on his own body. "I feel better, and some bacon, that I was promised, will add to that feeling."

Will dried himself the rest of the way and then shuffled out of the bathroom, gathering his clothes as he went. He sneaked past Abigail and found some sweats and a t-shirt. Once dressed he got into the kitchen and prepped to cook.

Matt did the same, and when he was ready, he walked out into the kitchen to see if Will needed help. Waving to Abigail, he stood next to his little bird, and touched his arm. "Anything I can do?"

"What would you like to do?" Will asked, more than capable of making breakfast as he had done it for years all on his own, but if Matt wanted to help to be nice, he'd let him.

It was out of kindness in this instance, not pity, and he walked over to get the plates. "I'll set the table. Start there, I guess."

"Sounds good." Will laid bacon in the pan after putting his hand over it to check the heat. On another burner he heated a pan and buttered it for the eggs. "Could you beat some eggs in a

bowl for me?"

Matt walked over from setting the table, having placed the coffee and place settings there; he made sure Abigail wasn't looking and squeezed Will's ass as he passed by. "Sure, how many? Eight?"

"How many do you like? Add for that number," Will answered, making sure to stand back a bit from the stove not to have grease popped at him.

"I figured three for you, for me, and two for Abby?" Matt asked, and began cracking open the eggs.

"That works," Will said, though he usually ate two, he wouldn't worry about an extra egg today.

"Okay," Matt said, and whipped the eggs, adding a dash of milk to the mixture so they'd be fluffier. He set the bowl near Will, and touched his lower back. "What else, baby?"

"How's the bacon?" Will asked, moving from one pan to the other, feeling around the bowl to pour them into the hot, greased pan.

"I like mine almost burned," Matt laughed, looking at it. "So they look perfect. Glad you remembered how I liked mine."

Will hung his head a little. "Didn't mean to burn them." He moved the eggs around the pan and added some butter from where he kept it, moving it around the pan.

"I actually like it that way, crisp. They aren't black," Matt said, having meant what he'd said before. He hated floppy, chewy bacon.

"Make sure a few aren't too overdone for Abigail," Will whispered. "She doesn't like it."

Matt eyed the bacon, sifting through them. He found a couple pieces that weren't crisp, and set them off to the side. "Okay, we're covered baby, there's a few."

"Perfect." Will turned the done eggs into a bowl and then added salt and pepper. He handed it to Matt. "Table… please."

Matt took it, brushing his fingers over Will's, and hummed. "Looks great, and of course," he said, walking it over to the table to begin plating the bacon and eggs for everyone. He put the empty containers in the sink and then went to pull out the chair for Will, sitting down.

"Thank you," Will murmured as he and Abigail took their seats. "Matt says he held a few pieces of non burnt out for you."

Abigail giggled. "Thank you."

"You're welcome baby bird," Matt smiled, gesturing to her plate, where he'd already put her bacon. He took a sip of coffee, and then held his fork. "God, I'm starved. Let's dig in."

Will took a bite and then crunched on bacon. He sipped his coffee, listening to his little nest eat around him with a soft smile on his face. How he got here in less than a month, he had no idea. Truth be told, it was nice having someone help.

Matt loved it too, and to him, they were a family. Maybe not totally yet, but he knew he'd live there with them, and they'd be madly in love, because what else would a pair set to be mated do? Taking a bite of eggs, he hummed, wiping his mouth. "This is good."

Head ducked, Will chewed another bite, nodding. "Thank you."

"Welcome, baby," Matt said, and took another bite, sipping coffee before he turned to Abigail. "How's school going, Abby?"

"It's good," Abigail said, stuffing the bacon into her mouth. "It's a small school."

"What's your favorite subject?" Matt asked, wanting to know more about the young girl he hoped would be like a daughter to him.

"English," she said, "and science."

Will smiled as he took another bite. "She excels at everything."

"I can see that she would," Matt nodded, and reached out to squeeze Will's hand before taking another few bites. He sipped some coffee, and wiped his mouth. "She is smart like you are."

"We're not related," Will pointed out with a laugh, though sure that Matt knew that. Still, Abigail laughed at the comment.

"But you are a good influence."

"And that's what I meant," Matt said, agreeing with Abigail, certainly knowing her and Will weren't related.

"Thank you then," Will said.

Abigail patted Matt's arm affectionately, starting to let him in to their close little circle. Will picked up his last piece of bacon and stuffed it all into his mouth, washing it down with coffee.

"You're welcome, baby," Matt said to Will as he squeezed Abigail's hand gently and then smiled, finishing up his eggs. He ate some bacon and swigged his coffee.

Chapter 3

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Abigail was going to stay the night with a friend, so that meant that Matt would have Will to himself tonight. He was going to pick him up and bring him to his home, finally. He didn't mind being at Will's, no, he quite liked it there actually, but for what he had in mind, he needed it this way.

After picking Will up, they finally made it to his place, dogs in tow. Matt go out and opened the door for his beau, offering his hand. "I'll lead you in and let you acclimate, baby. The dogs are good to run around. I'm not in the country like you but I have a large acre of land, fenced in yard."

Will nodded and let Matt lead him in, and then started to touch around with his stick he used in new places to count out the steps. Matt kept a close watch, once they were inside, and spoke up at any prominent objects that could cause a stumble. He knew the roses on the stairs were pointless, but they added an aroma, a presence, and he hoped Will would like them later on.

For now, he took off his coat, then took his beau's. "Whiskey, baby?"

"Yes," Will said with no hesitation and then shrugged off his coat finally, laying it over the back of the sofa he was near. "No pets?"

"No, but it wasn't for lack of want," Matt answered, and poured Will a whiskey, and himself. He handed it over, and clinked their glasses together. "Here's to a good night alone together. You know, it's a sort of anniversary for us, little bird."

"Oh is it?" Will asked around a chuckle and then took a drink.

"It is," Matt said, decisively, and then took a drink as well. He leaned in to kiss him, and brushed a curl from his brow. "Which means tonight is extra special for us."

Will pressed against Matt, one arm around his shoulders. "What have you planned?"

"I'm going to cook dinner for you, maybe give you a nice massage, and then, something I don't want to say just yet," Matt chuckled, gazing at Will lovingly, as his muscles flexed.

Will laughed. "We're both adults." He lowered his face. "You can say it."

"I meant I wanted to surprise you," Matt crooned, and cupped Will's jaw, raising his head to kiss him again. "I set the scene, sort of hoping tonight would be the night I could make love to you all the way."

"I figured," Will said with a smile against Matt's mouth, licking passed his lips.

“You always seem to know what I’m planning or thinking, before I say it,” Matt whispered, when he paused to catch his breath, and then went in again for another kiss. He liked that Will knew him that way, it only confirmed their connection.

“You sent Abigail off to a friends,” Will laughed, humming pleasantly as he kept kissing Matt over and over.

“She was happy about it though,” Matt chuckled, and held Will’s face, once he set his glass on the bar. He licked down his neck, speaking against his beau’s skin. “I should...I should start dinner, but I’m just hungry for something else. For you.”

“Dinner can be dessert,” Will whispered, breathing hitched in his throat.

“Good plan if I ever heard one,” Matt whispered back, then took Will’s drink to set it down. He walked him to the foot of the stairs, leaving his shoes there by them. “Why don’t you remove those boots, and step onto the stairs. You’ll get to feel, and smell what’s on them on the way to my room.”

“What?” Will chuckled but undid his boots and kicked them off, then took off his socks. “Put my feet where?”

Matt stooped down and took Will’s foot into his hand, rubbing the top of it before setting it on the first step. It was right over the rose petals. “Right here, baby.”

“What is that?” Will laughed harder, his toes curling over the petals. “It’s feels strange… cold.”

“Roses, little bird. You deserve to walk on them,” Matt chuckled, holding Will’s hand as they ascended the steps.

Will held fast to Matthew, taking the steps one at a time, counting them out to remember later. “You’ve gotten very romantic.”

“Maybe it's been inside me the whole time and I'm just letting it out now,” Matt chuckled again, as they reached the top of the stairs. “I hope it's not annoying?”

“It’s not.” Will looped his arm through Matt’s to be lead to the bedroom. “I like it.”

“Good, baby,” Matt crooned, and opened the door. He clicked on some soft classical music and lit a few candles, taking Will’s hand to guide him.

“Music and everything.” He wrapped his free arm around Matt’s shoulders and slowly moved with him to the sway of the music.

“Only the best for my beautiful bird,” Matt hummed, and kissed Will softly, his strong hands roving down his back. He squeezed Will ass, and pulled him tighter against his groin, groaning as he ground his erection into his.

Not quite hard yet, Will felt his length fill with blood at the feel of Matthew’s. “That’s for me?” he teased.

“Always and only for you,” Matt whispered, kissing Will’s cheeks, then his chin, and lips. “Why don't I get you out of those clothes? Then give you a massage…”

“Help me,” Will insisted and started to undo his shirt.

“Plan on it, baby,” Matt murmured, and licked his lips as he took off Will’s clothing piece by piece. He eyed him, worshipping every angle and curve of his body. “God you're beautiful.”

Will stepped out of his pants into Matt’s arms. “Taking your word for it.”

“Yeah?” Matt asked, though it was mostly rhetorical. When Will was naked, he took off his own clothes, and lead Will to the bed, hands on his waist. “Lay down on your stomach, hm? I’ll relax those muscles.”

Will knelt on the bed and laid down flat, stretching out with a contented sigh. Matt took the oil in his hands, poured some in his palms, and warmed it. He then straddled his boyfriend’s ass, his own resting atop his cheeks before starting to rub down his lover’s back.

“Let me know if I’m too hard. If I’m *pressing* to hard, I mean.”

“You’re fine,” Will flirted over his shoulder, biting the inside of his cheek.

“Damn right I am,” Matt teased, though he was confident in himself and his appearance, he wasn’t actually arrogant in that regard. He moved his hips back, letting his cock nestle between Will’s cheeks with a groan as he pressed more firmly into the muscle of Will’s back. “How’s that feel baby?”

“Like you should be fucking me while you do this,” Will answered honestly.

Matt’s eyes widened with delight at that, and he set down the massage oil, grabbing the lube to slick up his swollen cock. “You don’t have to say that more than once,” he whispered, and leaned forward to kiss the side of Will’s mouth, to his neck, as he braced himself up with one well muscled arm. The other hand went to his beau’s hole, slipping one finger into work him open, then two, and after a minute, he replaced them with his dick, slowly pressing in. “Oh, fuck, baby.”

“Oh God, Matt-” Will breathed out slowly, taking in his boyfriend’s length with a grunt. Fire set course through his veins.

“Will, you feel so fuckin’ good,” Matt groaned, working in and out languidly, feeling out every ridge and curve inside Will’s hot body.

Arching his hips back, Will moaned out against the bed. It’d been so long since he’d been taken, he’d almost forgotten how pleasantly it ached under the burning fire in his core.

“Goddamn…” Matt growled, lust scorching him under his skin and pleasure washed through him like molten lava. He thrusted his hips, building a faster, deeper rhythm; it took everything he had not to come then and there, seeing Will arch like that. “...Mm, baby.”

“Pull my hair,” Will asked, he liked when Matt playfully tugged, he thought he might like it here too.

“Shit…” Matt groaned, and wrenched his fingers into Will’s hair, leaning over him as he tugged. His neck formed the most beautiful curve, the sharp angle of his adam’s apple showing nicely against the soft glow of the candles. He began to fuck him hard, and bit at his nape. “Will, fucking hell-”

“Like that, oh fuck.” Will swallowed hard as his toes spread into the sheets below him, the pooling heat spilling over and wrenching through his loins.

“Yeah, take it, take it all, beautiful,” Matt howled, raising himself off the bed and slamming back down into Will’s hole as their bodies slipped together in oil and sweat.

Will squeezed himself around Matt as he came, heavy, hard, and hot right against the sheets where his hips bucked and rutted. “Fuck…”

Feeling the tight, pulsing clutch of Will’s body, and watching him come, was more than he could handle. Matt bucked like a bronco, finally coming hot and thick inside his boyfriend’s ass. “Fucking… Oh, shit, Will-!”

“Fucking good,” Will panted, reaching behind him to touch Matt’s hips, barely able to keep himself up.

Matt kissed the back of Will’s neck, and then pulled out, bringing Will into his arms as he held him. “I love you, Will.”

Will smiled brightly against Matt’s lips. “I love you, Matt.”

Heart soaring like a hawk in the sky, Matt kissed Will passionately, embracing him. “Then I’m lucky.”

“Aren’t we both?” Will wrapped his limbs around Matt, holding him closer with a squeeze.

“We are,” Matt agreed, and kissed Will again, brushing the hair from his brow. He felt luckier though.

After a moment, Will kissed Matt’s cheek. “I’d love to lie here with you, but I am starved now.”

“There you go, reading my mind,” Matt hummed, and leaned up after a reciprocal kiss. “I’ll get dinner started, baby, if you wanted to use my bathroom, it's to your left, clear path, light switch on the right, and shower at the end of it.”

Will rolled and then stood. “Light switch. Very funny.”

“For the fan, I meant, the exhaust,” Matt clarified, kissing Will’s lips again and patting his ass. He’d never make a joke about Will’s blindness.

Teasing, Will shook his head. “Get on now. I need to clean up.”

“Yes, little bird,” Matt chuckled, then went into the other bathroom to wash his cock, and his hands before cooking. He went into the kitchen next, and began to do just that.

Will made it down stairs once more with a little effort and step counting. He followed his nose to the smell of food where he finally felt out Matt. “There you are.”

Matt turned and kissed Will’s jaw, touching his shoulder. “I was about to come up, but you beat me to it,” he said, his tone almost apologetic for not having done so. “It’s almost ready.”

“Oh, dinner in bed?” Will wrapped himself around Matt, taking in everything about him that made him so comfortable.

“Sure, we can have it in bed,” Matt agreed, having meant he was about to come up and check on Will, but maybe it was better that Will didn’t know that part. “There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you.”

“We don’t have to,” Will laughed and kissed Matt’s cheek. “I was teasing.”

“Anything you want, baby. Here, the table, the bed, anyplace,” Matt crooned, utterly taken and hopelessly besotted with Will. He turned his face quickly, and captured Will’s lips. “Mm.”

“Here.” Will held Matt’s face as he kissed him again, slowly this time, savoring him.

“Perfect,” Matt whispered, holding onto Will’s shoulders as he rubbed his lips over his, then kissed him once more.

“What’s for dinner?” Will asked, breathless all over again.

“Pork chops, baked potatoes, and cauliflower with broccoli,” Matt answered, kissing at Will’s neck while waiting for the food to finish baking. “Then you again, for dessert. Or the chocolate cake I bought. Maybe both?”

“You could eat the cake off of me,” Will suggested, his insatiable appetite for Matt knew no bounds.

“Fuck…” Matt groaned, very much liking that idea. He squeezed Will’s ass, pulling him against his groin. “I’ll have a good time doing that, though the sweetness of the cake pales compared to how good you taste, baby.”

Will laughed. “It’ll be an adventure.” He kissed Matt slowly.

“Yeah it will.” Matt nipped at Will’s chin, then his lips once more. “So let’s eat, because I have a sweet tooth, my little bird.”

“I’m starved,” Will admitted, letting go of Matthew to let him finish making dinner.

A few minutes more passed and the dinner was finished. Matt set it in the table and lead Will there. He sat down and took up his fork. “I tried not to burn it,” he chuckled.

“Smells… edible,” Will laughed.

“I mean it looks okay, maybe a little crisp around the edges, but we just won’t eat that part,” Matthew laughed, and cut into the pork. At least the sides turned out okay.

“I’ll never know the difference,” Will teased. “Is your table set?”

“It is. Roses in the middle, and candles. Can you feel the heat, and smell them?” Matt asked, reaching out to squeeze Will’s hand.

“Yeah,” Will whispered, leaning in to the table a little to get a better sense of it.

“Nothing but the best for you,” Matt insisted, though he was hardly rich or able to go all out like he wanted.

“It’s great. I appreciate it,” Will said, even if he couldn’t see it, he did like the effort and gesture.

Matt just wanted him to know he would do anything for him. “You’re welcome, little bird. Now eat up before it gets cold.” His tone was playful, and then he took a bite.

Will cut the meal and ate a few bites with a smile. It’d been so long since he was in any relationship that he’d likely let Matt do anything for him, for now. “It’s great, thank you.”

“You're welcome, baby,” Matt hummed. He ate with gusto as he often did and grinned to himself. Oh but he was so in love.

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The date went beautifully and the surprises he’d had for Will hadn’t stopped with dinner and lovemaking. They danced, slowly, swaying back and forth, also spending some time outside on the deck. Even if Will couldn’t see the stars, Matt had described them, as well as his favorites.

But Will had to get back home the next morning early, preparing for Abigail’s return, and to tend to the dogs. Matt saw him back and leaned against the doorframe. I have to get to work, but is there anything you need before I go, baby?”

“No,” Will said with a smile, leaning close to Matt’s proximity. They’d been dating for a few months now and things were serious, he could feel it. “Do you, maybe, want to come fishing this weekend?”

“I’d love that, yeah.” Matt smiled, hooking his arm around Will’s waist, pulling him closer. He kissed him, then his jaw. “We can even get a boat, if you want, make it a big todo.”

“You want go to the lake instead of the stream?” Will asked, arms around Matt’s shoulders.

“If that wouldn't disappoint you?” Matt answered in question. He ran his hands down Will’s sides, keeping him close.

“I know the stream well and it’s conditions. The lake not so much,” Will said with some unease, but he didn’t want to disappoint. “I’ll manage.”

“No, we will go to the stream. Cheaper than renting a boat anyway,” Matt chuckled, not disappointed.

“Are you sure?” Will was down to try new things, and with someone else it meant he might be able to get good at that too.

“This is a fun outing, and at your invite. So we’ll do the stream, then maybe next time we’ll do the lake. I just want to focus on us and the fishing, not anything else,” Matt answered, and then looked at his watch. “I need to get my ass to work, baby.”

“Okay.” Will wouldn’t argue. He leaned in and kissed Matt’s mouth. “Stream it is. Have a good day.”

Matt patted Will’s ass, and then grabbed his keys. “You too, little bird.”

“You know,” Will said, hardly wanting to let go. “We should consider having some of your things here.”

Matt stuffed his keys into his pocket and then wrapped both arms around Will again, kissing him soundly, passionately. “I’d fucking love that. You know, I wanted to ask, but I didn’t want to force it.”

“You wouldn’t mind that… here?” Will murmured against Matt’s mouth.

“I love it here. I adore Abigail, and you know you are my everything,” Matt whispered, and then held the back of Will’s head to dip his tongue inside his mouth.

Will gripped Matt tighter, kissing him back, long and hard, and then pulled back. “It’s settled then. When you come this weekend, bring your stuff.”

“Yeah, beautiful bird, it’s settled,” Matt crooned, awestruck, and honored. His heart was full; he had the one he knew he was meant to be with--his mate.

“Abigail will be happy,” Will laughed, knowing she wouldn’t care one way or another, she adored Matt.

“A family of our own.” Matt’s words were sweet and thoughtful; he was also glad to know Abigail would be happy too.

“Yeah,” Will agreed, and kissed Matt once more. “This weekend then.”

“This weekend, yes, little bird.” Matt grinned, and kissed him once more still, just for good measure. He grabbed his keys from his pocket. “I’ll see you soon.”

“I love you,” Will called as Matt left, leaned against the door.

“I love you too,” Matt answered, getting into his car, and then off he went.

Chapter 4

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Will was up early, having not slept much anyway, making breakfast on Saturday as he anticipated Matt's arrival. He made bacon and eggs, sitting with Abigail as they ate. She was quiet, but she usually was, nothing new there.

"You don't mind that Matt is moving in?" he asked.

"Why would I be?"

"I just want to be sure."

"I like Matt. He's good for you."

Will smiled, biting into his bacon, and then a sip of coffee. "You think?"

"You smile more."

A knock on the door was heard then, Matt on the other side with his gear, and his things loaded up in his car to move in. Will got up and opened the door, aware it was Matt since he was always on time.

"Hey."

"Hey beautiful."

Matt leaned in and kissed Will in greeting, after he set his fishing gear down on the porch. "I smell bacon."

"There's a lot of it. Eggs too," Will whispered against Matt's mouth and let him in. "Do you need help?"

"Nah baby, I have it under control, but thanks," Matt murmured, and pressed Will against the door frame to kiss him properly. "I'll take some eggs first though." He chuckled and let him go.

The dogs ran out passed them and Will laughed. "Okay. Breakfast first and then we'll get you settled."

"It's a solid plan," Matt chuckled again and then went in to make himself a plate. He already felt at home, but he always did with Will.

Will sat back down, feeling for his plate and fork. He ate more of his food while Abigail started the dishes. Matt joined him and began to eat. He was famished.

“You're a damned good cook, Will.”

“Thanks.” Will finished and then sipped his coffee. “I got all the fishing gear ready to go when we get you settled.”

Matt finished his food too, scarfing it down, then gulped some coffee, and wiped his mouth. “Alright, baby. I’m done, so I’ll go get started carrying it all in.”

“We’ll finish cleaning up.” Will stood, slowly, and gathered the dishes while a few of the dogs begged for table scraps.

“Okay,” Matt called out, and started moving in his stuff. It didn't take too long, he didn't have much simply because he didn't need a lot. When he was done, he sat on the couch, and sighed, smiling. “We can go in a few if you're ready.”

“We’re ready,” Abigail insisted from beside Will who was drying the last dish.

Matt stretched, and then stood again, walking over to hug Abigail. He let go and touched Wills lower back. “Let's go, baby.”

Will pulled on his boots, nodding. “Everything is just on the deck.”

“I'll get the car loaded,” Matt said, and then went to do just that. When he had it all done, he opened the door for Will and then got into the driver's side.

Abigail followed, and got into the back. Will got in, buckled. “Sure you want to come, Abigail?”

“Yeah. I have a book.” She pet Winston who got in next to her, going where ever Will would go.

Matt didn't mind though he'd preferred it to be the two of them. He started the engine when everyone was set. Abigail kept to herself anyway, but she preferred not to be home alone, she felt safer, and not like her father was going to somehow come after her.

Matt cared for Abigail deeply, like a daughter, so her tagging along was okay. He smiled at her in the rearview then backed out of the driveway. It didn't take long to get to the stream and when they arrived, he parked, and got out. He got the gear and set it close by, walking over to Will. “Gear is set up baby.”

“Thanks,” Will said, listening to rustle of leaves around them, the direction they blew, the sound of rushing water. He used every sense he did have to figure out where how far into go and where to cast his fly. Taking his rod, he tied his fly to it and then got into his waders, all without any help. “Comin’?”

“Yeah,” Matt answered, pulling on his waders, and taking his prepped rod with him. He went with Will out a ways, keeping a close eye on him as Abigail read on the bank.

Will took a moment to feel everything out, listening to the sounds, and then cast his line with the wind, a little plink into the water. “It’s nice out.”

“It is, especially with the view I have,” Matt crooned, watching Will once he’d cast his line. He took a breath, taking in everything, it was peaceful.

“Are you staring at my ass?” Will turned his head a smidgen toward Matt’s voice, every other sense was focused on the tug of his line, should there be one.

“Yes is the answer to that,” Matt chuckled, softly, also paying mind to the line, but it was hard not to look at Will’s ass, or any part of him. “It will often be the answer.”

“Nothing will get done that way.” Will shook his head and turned his attention back, though it hardly mattered. The wind whipped through his hair sticking out from under his hat.

“Looking at your ass only takes a few seconds little bird,” Matt laughed again, and turned his head back to his line also. It bobbed, and he began to reel it in with his hands. “Think I got one!”

“Reel it in,” Will said over the rush of the water, and then felt his tug, expertly doing the same with his own as he had told Matt. “Got the bucket?”

“Yeah,” Matt said, trudging back over to Will once his fish was in the bucket. “It's in front of you, beautiful.”

Will felt around with his foot and then let the fish of finto the bucket. “Thanks.”

“Course,” Matt said, then looked back to check on Abigail, before he cast out his line again once it was ready.

“She okay?” Will asked, knowingly, baiting his line once more.

“She’s reading still,” Matt answered, holding his rod. He smiled over at Will, even if he couldn’t see it. Matthew was just happy as hell.

“Good.” Will let his line go once more, standing close to Matt. “I’m glad you like fishing as much as I do.”

“It’s peaceful,” Matt hummed, nudging Will with his hip gently. He couldn’t ever lose him, and if anyone tried to take what was his… well, that was another topic altogether.

Will lost his balance a second, and latched a hand on to Matt’s arm. “Heeey.” He laughed. “ *Was* peaceful.”

“Maybe I just wanted you to touch me. That’s *my* peace really. Did you know that, little bird?” Matthew asked, laughing, and hooking his arm around Will’s waist to steal a quick kiss before letting go. “Okay, okay, I’ll focus.”

“You will not,” Will teased, but sighed happily. Matthew was quickly becoming his everything, a proverbial light in his day.

“No, probably not,” Matt conceded, chuckling once more. “But for you, I’ll try, hm, little bird?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Will said with a nod, and reeled in another fish while Matt was too busy watching him than fishing.

Matt thought he had one, but it was just a discarded net, so he tried again. “You’re a good fisherman, Will.”

“I’ve been doing it my whole life.” Will grinned in Matt’s direction before casting out another line. “I can’t tell if you are or not yet,” he teased.

“Well I’ve caught one fish, and a net so far,” Matt laughed, and cast his again, the wind picking up. He was having an amazing time, even if the one was all he would catch. “I guess I don’t have to be good at it though, not when I have you, which is the best catch around.”

“We won’t starve.” Will laughed, enjoying himself more than he could say, just being around Matt and having Abigail nearby elated his heart.

“Not in any aspect,” Matt crooned, moving his rod to hopefully entice a fish. He didn’t care if he only caught the one fish, he’d meant what he said. “You look gorgeous out here. It’s your element.”

“One of my favorite places to be.” Will smiled and reeled in another, and set it in the bucket.

Matt finally got another fish on his line, though Will was still ahead. He wasn’t competing, but it was nice to catch at least one more. He pulled it in and into the bucket it went. “It’s my favorite place too, as long as you’re here.”

“I don’t mind sharing.” Will finally caught four and then decided that was good enough. “Done?”

“I’m done and ready to get back home.” Matt looked back at Abigail. Was she asleep? Winston was. It made him smile. “Plus I need to unpack too.”

Abigail was tanning, not asleep yet, but she was listening. “We should do that then. I’ll clean the fish for dinner.” Will went to grab the bucket and slipped on a mossy rock, falling down into the water.

“Will!” Matt exclaimed, and was at Will’s side in an instant, looking him over, extending his hand to him. “Baby, are you alright? Give me your hand and I’ll help you up.”

Will reached out for Matt’s hand and then pulled him into the river with him, laughing. He’d slipped but he’d make the best of it. Matt gasped from the cold water covering him fully, inside his waders. He splashed him and then kissed him.

“Someone’s being a naughty bird…”

“Dirty bird?” Will laughed and splashed Matt back, able to hear Abigail giggling from the bank.

“That too, baby.” Matt laughed with Will, and picked him up in his arms, bridal style, then fell back into the water to dunk them both.

Will laughed harder, latching on to his rod as Matt lifted. “You are strong.”

“All the better to pick you up,” Matt chuckled, kissing Will’s mouth as he continued to hold him in the water. He leaned close to his ear, so Abigail wouldn’t hear. “Sometime soon, I think I should fuck you out here in the water like this. What do you think? We’d be like two animals mating in the wild.”

“Better do it before it gets too cold,” Will murmured, smiling against Matt’s lips. “Wouldn’t want to freeze out here.”

“Wouldn't want that baby,” Matt grinned, and kissed him once more before letting him down.

Soaked, Will shook his head, gathering his footing once more and reached around for the bucket of fish. “I… wouldn’t mind though.”

Matt held Will’s waist to keep him steady. “Then maybe we come back tomorrow, alone,” he whispered.

Biting his lip, Will turned his face toward Matt’s voice, shivering. “Okay.”

“Let's get you out of these wet clothes. Me too.” Matt chuckled, the warmth in his tone betraying how chilled his skin was. He lead Will put of the water with a steady hand, onto the bank.

Abigail was still giggling by the time they made it back, but she had gotten towels from Matt’s car and handed them over to them both to dry off. “Wind knock you both over?”

Will sighed, smiling. “No. Slipped.”

“Then he pulled me in…” Matt grinned and dried off, wrapping it around Will to add more warmth. He took the gear and put it in the back, calling Winston, who ran after them to get in.

Will followed with Abigail, holding the towel around himself. “It’s freezing though.”

“It is,” Matt agreed, then once Will, Abigail, and Winston were in the vehicle, he started it up. Getting home didn’t take long, and he got out, letting Winston jump out. Touching Will’s shoulder, he kissed his mouth. “Baby, go get dried off, and warm. I’ll take care of the gear.”

“You’re wet, too,” Will insisted, slipping from the car, stubbornly going for the trunk to help.

“I know,” Matt sighed, wanting to take care of Will. He relented though, and didn’t try to convince Will again. He’d just moved in that morning after all.

Will saw it as being a bad host to let Matt do all the work, whether he lived there now or not. He got his portion and then put it all in the shed and locked it up. “Let’s go change and get you settled.”

“Sounds good to me, little bird,” Matt agreed, not unappreciative of the help. With the items out of the way, he walked in with Will, grabbing a clean change of clothes from his bag. “You use the bathroom first, or we can go together, hm?”

“C’mon,” Will whispered once he had a change himself. Abigail had gone back to her room.

Matt followed Will into the bathroom then locked the door. He pulled off his wet shirt, the fabric rolling off his muscular skin and then tossed it in the hamper. He did the same with his pants, and boxers, finally nude, but still damp. “Need some help with yours, beautiful?”

“Are you offering to speed me along or because you want to see me naked?” Will asked, dropping his boots off first.

“Maybe, mhm, just maybe,” Matt chuckled, and then pulled up Will’s shirt, slowly, kissing his jaw. “May I take off this shirt at least? I can be good, if you need me to.”

“I don’t need you to be,” Will whispered, chuckling. The shirt came off and was tossed to the ground.

“Thank god for that,” Matt hummed, and undid Will’s pants, pulling them and his boxers down as his body bent. “Fuck… seeing you like this? I don’t think I could be good anyway.”

Will stepped out, hands on Matt’s shoulders. “Then don’t.”

Matt took Will’s cock into his mouth, slathering his tongue against velvety skin. He swallowed him down eagerly, hungrily, doing exactly as bidden. Will groaned, fingers gripped Matt tight. Where he was cold from the stream, his body heated over quickly.

“Matt…”

Eyes cast up to watch Will, Matt hollowed his cheeks, and rolled his balls, slurping sounds echoing in the small bathroom. His knees rested on the soft rug, and his free hand gathered some saliva, finally moving to run up his crack. Will spread his legs, biting his lower lip with anticipation.

Matt pressed the tip of his finger inside, since it wasn't lubricated nearly enough, working the rim. He didn't stop his efforts and instead redoubled them, going faster. Will grabbed the counter to keep himself up right, and then pressed down over Matt’s finger. He patted the counter to the mirror and opened the cabinet. He set the lube he’d bought just yesterday there.

Matt popped off and stood, slicking up his fingers, and his cock. “Bend over the counter, baby,” he whispered, his tone laced with passion.

Will turned, palms to the counter, and bent, legs spread. “Have to be quiet…” he grinned, reaching one hand behind him to touch Matt’s trim waist.

“Not an issue, little bird,” Matt chuckled, then turned on the shower to drown out the slapping sounds they were sure to make. He inserted a finger, then two inside Will’s hole, slowly working him open as he kissed and nipped at his back.

Letting go of a soft groan, Will’s head hung a little, hair in his eyes. “Matt…”

“Will… you feel so good,” Matt murmured, moving his fingers in and out, pressing on his prostate. His cock throbbed, ready to be enveloped by his tight heat.

Will had never been so insatiable, needy, and wanton for someone. He rutted back against Matt's fingers, taking him in, begging for another to be added. "Another."

Matt added the third, folding them close together, and curved to press against his pleasure shaped nub. "My greedy bird. Mm."

"I thought we agreed on 'dirty bird'," Will huffed, a laugh that bubbled and crawled up his throat through pleasurable moans.

"I think greedy fits better at the moment, but dirty too," Matt chuckled, the sound deeper than usual due to how aroused he was as he worked Will open. He quickened his pace when he felt the ring of muscle give more and leaned over him, licking up his back.

"Fine, greedy. Fuck me already." Will's hands spread against the counter, holding himself as his cock leaked onto the surface.

Matt pulled out his fingers with a quiet pop and made sure his cock was still slick; he slowly pressed inside and buried himself inside his boyfriend. It felt marvelous, fucking perfect, and he groaned out his name, hips starting to thrust. "Oh baby…"

Gasping, Will gripped the counter hard, white knuckled. He pushed his ass back, meeting Matt more than half way. "Matt…"

"That's it, beautiful. Give me that sexy, perfect ass," Matt grunted, keeping his voice down even with the shower aiding to drown them out. He bent his knees, ramming Will with wild abandon, blue eyes locking onto his lover's face, thanks to the help of the mirror. It didn't matter to him that his gaze wasn't met, he felt the connection in other ways.

Heat pooled and spread as Will's toes curled into the tiled floor, one hand reaching back to grasp Matt's hip. "Like that, fuck… oh-"

"Yeah, Mm," Matt grunted, his hips whipping hard, and deep, hands kneading Will's ass.

Balls pulling up, Will reached for his own cock and started to pump fast. "Matt-" his breath was ragged, sucking in the muggy air, cloying to their skin.

"That's mine to do," Matt growled, and took Will's cock from him, taking over to stroke as he fucked him harder. He was close to coming, each thrust bringing him closer to the edge.

With a loud gasp, Will came hot in Matt's hand and all over the counter, writhing down against him. "Oh fuck…"

It was a beautiful sight and Matt couldn't hold on any longer. He worked Will through his orgasm, then pumped over and over, finally coming hot and thick inside his beau's ass. "Fuckin'-" he groaned, his breath erratic until the waves started to slow. Bringing his hand to his mouth, he cleaned it of Will's spend, then pulled out, and kissed him slowly. "I love you."

Groaning at the shared taste, Will arched back into Matt's hips, slipping slightly as the come dripped down his legs and at his feet. "I love you."

Matt embraced Will, and rubbed his nose against his lover's, taking his hand. "C'mon, let's get cleaned up since the water's running, hm, little bird?"

"If it's still warm." Will laughed and edged them over to the tub with one foot out.

"You have a big water tank so maybe," Matt laughed, and then held out his hand to test. "We're in luck baby."

"There's small ones?" Will teased, well aware, and held on to Matthew to step inside of it, the water just perfect.

"Now you're my sassy bird," Matt teased back, and kissed Will once, softly, and then grabbed the soap, rubbing it on his beau's chest. "I wouldn't change a thing about you though."

"Good." Will found the shampoo and lathered up his own hair, letting Matthew wash him if he wanted.

Matt finished washing Will's chest, then his back, under his arms, and to his ass, gliding his finger over his lover's puffy hole. "Love washing you, but you know I would worship you on my knees any day, don't you baby?"

"Keep telling me and I'll always know," Will laughed, but held his hands to Matt's shoulders, keeping him close. He found he really didn't mind being doted on.

Barking out a laugh, Matt shook his head, and washed Will's cock and balls, getting his legs and feet too. "Can't help but tell you each time I see you."

"Did you get everything?" Will asked with a smirk, aware Matt had, but Will quite enjoyed the feeling. He put his hand out for the soap. "My turn?"

Matt nodded with a grin as he answered, "You know it, little bird." He handed Will the soap and took the shampoo to wash his own short locks. "Mhm, If you don't mind."

Will rubbed the soap in his hands to lather it back up and then worked his fingers and palms all over Matt's perfectly chiseled body. "I really don't mind."

"Good because that feels fuckin' nice," Matt said, enjoying the relaxing way Will bathed him. He leaned back to rinse his hair and closed his eyes to continue savoring the treatment given by his beau.

Will rubbed the soap into every crevice, around abs and pecs, hips and buttocks, until he was sure every part was clean. "Rinse."

"Can't say no to you, little bird," Matt grinned, the expression clear in his tone as he did just that. He rinsed every bit of soap from his body. "Much better. I need to shave soon though. Getting sort of furry."

Will laughed and rubbed his hands over every bit of Matt's furry bits. "I don't mind."

“No?” Matt laughed, turning his face to nip at Will’s fingers. “Do you like how it feels better?”

“I like both.” Will insisted, not too picky, though he did like the smoothness of Matt’s face, he wouldn’t mind a little body hair on him if he had it. Either way, Will loved him.

“I’m glad to hear that, little bird,” Matt crooned, and then turned off the water, taking a towel and beginning to dry Will off. He’d get himself in a minute.

They dried and got out and redressed. In the living room Abigail was sitting on the couch with the tv on, studying. Will could hear it and sighed, but said nothing. Her grades hadn’t slipped, so he hadn’t complained about it.

Matt grinned at Abigail, waving to her, happy she seemed pleased with the set. He stretched and scratched his belly. “What are we doing for dinner? Fish or do you want to ice it and let me take you all out to eat?”

“We can do fish. Let’s save the money,” Will insisted, not one to go out to eat often, he preferred to stay home.

“Alright baby, fish works for me. Just wanted to save you the trouble,” Matt conceded, and kissed Will’s jaw. “Let me cook this time though, or maybe help. We both know how my cooking can be.”

“You can help. I’m not without letting you.” Will spread his hands on the counter. “Will you get the fish and clean them for me then?”

“Sure,” Matt hummed, feeling chipper after their day, the sex, and the hot shower. Really though, he was just utterly elated. He got the fish, scaling them, and disposed of that, starting to clean them next, before gutting and filleting. “What should we have with it? Yellow rice maybe?”

“There’s a difference in rice?” Will asked with a playful grin, but nodded his head. “Rice and… broccoli?”

“Silly bird,” Matt laughed, knowing Will could taste the difference, but it was hard to describe yellow rice really, or at least it was for him, he was no culinary expert. “That sounds good. The fish are ready to cook. I’ll start the sides?”

“Yes.” Will had the fry pan hot and with some butter in it, ready to go. He set the fish down in it carefully, adding herbs and garlic.

Matt opened the box of yellow rice and once the water was boiling, he added it in, putting in some herbs as well. Nothing fancy. He pulled out the broccoli, washed it, and chopped it to steam. With a laugh, he patte Will’s ass. “And now we wait.”

“For you maybe.” Will smiled down into the frying pan, and then felt the flesh of the fish to see if it was done, and then flipped it.

“True, true,” Matt hummed and then walked over to get the plates down. “I’ll set the table, keep myself busy.”

“Thank you.” Will peppered and salted the fish once more on the other side and set the lid on lopsided so it would cook but the steam would release.

“You’re welcome, baby.” When he finished setting the table and getting the drinks in place, Matt walked back over to check on the sides, stirring it. “Looks like it’s almost done.”

“Done here, too.” Will turned off the stove after a moment of feeling for it, and accidentally touched the pan, hissing.

"Baby be careful," Matt said, and moved over quickly, getting the pan out of the way once he turned off the side. He took Will's hand, assessing it. "Let me help you."

“I got it.” Will took his hand back, flushed with embarrassment. He took himself to the sink and ran it under cool water.

“That’s not gonna neutralize the burn. You need to let me put mustard on it,” Matt said, knowing it sounded silly but it really helped.

“It’s not that bad.” A little sting, nothing else, and Will had done this many times before with trial and error.

Matt sighed a little, cracking his knuckles absentmindedly. “Okay, beautiful, well let’s eat then,” he said, and picked up the skilled before Will could, taking it over to place the fish onto the plates.

“Thank you.” Will silently seethed, wrapping his hand to be safe and then sat down. Abigail hugged him and then took her seat at his side.

Matt brought over the sides as well, dishing them out for everyone, and then sat down. He could tell something was amiss with Will, but he opened his beer, and decided to let him calm first. At least give it time so he could see if he was upset at all. “You’re welcome. Dig in you two.”

They ate in mostly silence and Abigail offered to do the dishes for them. Will poured a glass of whiskey and went to sit outside as the dogs ran around for a little while.

Well that answered that, Matt thought to himself, and then poured a whiskey too. He went out on the patio and leaned against the bannister. “Mind if I join you...or…?”

“Sure.” Will rocked in the chair, glass in his hands, between his knees.

“You mad at me?” Matt asked, sitting in the rocking chair next to Will. He angled his body towards him, holding his whiskey glass in his hand.

“I’m… embarrassed.” Will shrugged, taking a long sip of his drink. “Accidents happen with me a lot and I… don’t like being babied for them.”

“If I burned my hand, I wouldn’t care if you wanted to squirt mustard on it. It wasn’t because I thought you were a baby. I mean you are *my* baby,” Matt grinned, trying to lighten things a bit, but then added, “I just wanted to help. Sorry.”

“I know. I’ve done everything myself my whole life. Sometimes I mess up. Sometimes I get hurt. I…” Will sighed, downing his drink. “It makes me feel like you don’t think I can manage.”

“Yeah I know you were fine without me before, but shit, isn’t this what couples do? They help each other. When one of them get hurt, they offer support. You’re the one making it about your lack of sight. I’m just doing what anyone would do when they are in love,” Matt insisted, though he knew deep down, he was right.

“You’re always waiting for me to do something so you can rescue me,” Will said, pointedly. “Yes, we support each other, but if I’ve got it and I’m not dying…”

“Why is it you always assume you know my intentions...is it that empathy thing?” Matt asked, though again, Will was right. “You know, it doesn’t matter if it's that or something else. It’s just not fair to ask me to not give a fucking shit about you. You are stubborn, you have to know that.”

“I am an empath,” Will pointed out, as though Matt should put the two together. “I can’t read you physically, but I can read you.” He sighed. “I am stubborn by fault.”

“Yeah I know,” Matt huffed, his temper flaring a bit, showing glimmers of what he was capable of. He’d never harm Will though. “You’re stubborn and I am too in my own way. We need to come to a compromise I guess.”

“How do you want to do that?” Will was having regrets now about asking Matt so soon to stay with them. He loved him, he knew that, so he had to compromise somewhere.

“Maybe I dial back my helpfulness, and you your stubbornness,” Matt offered and reached out to touch Will’s hand. “I just love you baby...can you fault me for that?”

“I can’t.” Will squeezed Matt’s hand , thoughtfully. “I’ll try to be less stubborn.”

“Then we have a deal,” Matt smiled, his anger cooling then. He kissed Will’s knuckles. “I can’t ever lose you, you know?”

“That’s a little drastic. Why would you lose me over something like this?” Will asked, brows raised as he touched Matt’s scruffy face.

“I just wanted you to know I didn’t want to and couldn’t,” Matt whispered in answer, leaning into Will’s touch. He turned his face to kiss his palm.

“We just need to talk things through. I’m used to being alone and dealing with me by myself.” Will wrapped his fingers around Matt’s face with a smile.

“Then that’s what we’ll do, baby,” Matt smiled, and leaned over, kissing Will softly, holding him close. “I don’t want to fight again. I love you.”

Will set his drink down and went to Matt, into his chair, and straddled him. “I love you, too.”

Matt grunted and ran his hands down Will’s back, to his ass, where flat palms rested. “The fish was good by the way. This is better though.”

“You couldn’t survive on this,” Will chuckled, resting their heads together.

“I might be able to. I wouldn’t mind trying,” Matt laughed and playfully nipped at Will’s nose, contentedly.

“Of course you wouldn’t.”

Chapter 5

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

A year passed by quickly, and they were happy. Arguments aside. Will found peace where he needed it in his garage, working on sculptures while Matt worked. Abigail did well in school, and they both helped her where they could.

That evening, after supper, Matt took Will's hand. "Why don't we take a walk to the stream before we lose the warmth of the sun, baby?"

"Okay." Will set the dish down in his hand. "Let's grab a jacket anyway. Just in case."

"Good idea," Matt said, his tone a little anxious. He grabbed his leather jacket and Will's. "Just us though, hm?"

Will nodded, putting his jacket on and took Matt's hand again. "Not even dogs?"

"They can come," Matt chuckled and laced their fingers together. "Or it can be just us, little bird."

"You want privacy, we'll go with that. They're fine with Abigail." Will leaned into Matt as they headed out, a light wind picking up through the trees as they made their way to the stream, kicking up leaves.

Matt put on his jacket, glad Will had suggested it, then hooked his arm back around his waist, the leather creaking. He smiled to himself, taking everything in--most of all, Will. "Nice out, isn't it, beautiful?"

"It *feels* nice," Will teased, arm behind Matt's shoulders, standing nearly the same height. "I love the fall and the rustle of leaves."

"Yeah, it feels fucking perfect. Especially with you on my arm," Matt crooned, walking down the pathway that would lead to the stream. "Same here. Summer is good for outdoor things though."

"It is but I like fall, when the weather changes and it's not too hot anymore," Will replied, leaning into Matt, enjoying his warmth.

"That's true. Feels good," Matt whispered, walking out of the woods, to the opening that showed the stream. The water flowed over the rocks, making a pleasant splashing sound as they neared it. He stopped and cupped Will's face, giving him a soft kiss. "Do you know how much I love you?"

"Yes," Will whispered back, clutching Matt's waist, his shirt there, as they shared air together. "You tell me often."

“I do, yeah,” Matt murmured, moving his hands from Will’s face. “Let me take a quick bathroom break.” He got a few feet away, then got down on his knees. “Actually baby, come here a sec, follow my voice.”

“What? I’m not helping you pee,” Will said, but started toward Matthew’s voice, taking careful steps toward him. He bumped into him, hands out, meeting his shoulders. “Why are you ground?”

Matthew took one of Will’s hand and rubbed the soft black velvet box over his palm, a slight squeaking sound when he opened it. The wind had still, as though just for this moment. “I’m down here because I wanted to do this right and because I love you more than I even say, day to day. You and Abigail, the dogs, you’re my family, and I’ve never really had that. I want to have it every day and every night. What I’m trying to say is…” Matt took a breath, licking his lips as his heart raced. “Will Graham, my perfect, beautiful bird, will you be my mate? My fellow hawk, and marry me?”

Will’s fingers clasped around the box, feeling it out, breath catching. He’d never suspect, not this, not like this, but it was Matt. Will’s fingers spread and he held his hand out for Matt, shaking. “Yeah. Yes. Yes!”

Letting out a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding, Matt placed the simple gold band on Will’s finger, and stood. He wrapped his arms around him and kissed his neck. “Thank fucking god. I am so glad you said yes, baby.”

Laughing, Will hugged Matt close, basking in his warmth. “Why would I say no?”

“I don’t know, maybe because I’m too charming?” Matt joked, and rubbed up and down Will’s back, kissing his jaw.

“That is not possible.” Will nuzzled his head against Matt’s, heart racing and his stomach flip flopping. “I love you.”

“I love you too, baby,” Matt smiled, feeling the same as Will. He was the luckiest man alive, he knew it, and would protect his family at all costs, as well as lead them.

“Abigail is going to be thrilled,” Will whispered, kissing Matt again, keeping close. “Do we want to plan something, or…”

“I’m glad. I was hoping she would be,” Matt murmured, the sun starting to set. He knew Will couldn’t see if obviously, but he would enjoy it for both of them. They would be one now anyway. “Why don’t we finally take that boat trip. We can marry there on the water. What do you think? Nothing too fancy or large.”

“We could do that. Really take some time to set it up and enjoy it,” Will commented, and kissed Matt again, and again, utterly thrilled.

Matt nodded, slowly slipping his tongue into Will’s mouth to taste him properly. He pulled back after a moment so they could catch their breath, elated beyond measure as well. “We’ll make it perfect for us, little bird, the future is ours. No one can take that away.”

For once, Will was feeling optimistic about the future and what it held for him and Matt. For a long time he'd been alone, for reasons he always said were for his own good, but Matt had turned things around, and here they were. "No, they can't."

Smiling at that, Matt turned, hooking his arm around Will's waist as he watched the sunset, the wind blowing once more. He leaned into him, keeping their bodies close. "This turned out to be one hell of an amazing day."

"Has it?" Will chuckled, leaning back against Matt, trusting him completely to keep him upright. "Was it bad before?"

"It has," Matt grinned, not letting him falter at all. He kissed under his jaw, rubbing his skin. "It wasn't bad at all, no, but it got way better."

Will sighed, content, and held Matt's arms around him, the cool of the night setting in now. "I'm glad."

"Want to stay here for a while longer or go back and have a drink to toast?" Matt asked, the crickets starting to sing their songs. A personal love serenade.

"It's getting cold, we should go warm ourselves up." Will turned his face to kiss Matt's jaw. "But I'm down for either."

"Let's get you warmed up, yeah, and me too," Matt grinned, kissing Will's mouth once, and then laced his fingers with his fiance's, heading back towards the path home.

"I can think of a few ways," Will laughed, bumping into Matt as they walked, playfully. He was elated and soaring high, heart full.

"Mm, I can think of a few too. I bet they are the same," Matt chuckled, bumping back into Will. He stopped him halfway down the path and kissed him hungrily, letting him go, acting as though he'd done nothing at all, playfully.

Will licked his lips, bit the bottom one, and grasped Matt's face and kissed him again, long and hard, keeping him there. "Mm…"

"Yeah, we need to get back home… warming up already," Matt husked, slipping his hands to Will's ass for a much needed squeeze.

Groaning, Will pulled Matt closer, fingers slipping around the nape of his neck, tongues sliding together. "Matt…"

"Will…" Matt murmured in answer, grinding their groins together. He pulled back finally, panting, tone thick with want. "Let's go baby."

Steeling himself, Will swallowed down his hunger for Matt, and took his hand once more. Wouldn't be the first time they'd fucked in the woods, or the stream, but they did have things to celebrate, and Abigail waiting at home. "Okay, okay…"

Matt didn't mind doing it outside but Will was cold, so he didn't want him getting sick. He gripped his hand, lovingly. “We can stay a bit longer if you want. I just figured you were freezing, beautiful.”

“I thought you were warming me up,” Will quipped back, bringing Matt’s hand to his lips to kiss over his knuckles once. “Shouldn’t worry Abigail though.”

“I was, true,” Matt said with a laugh and shake of his head. He kissed Will’s ring and hummed, walking again. They didn't have lube anyway so it was fine. “You're right, we don't need to worry her and I know I'm ready to tell her the news, or you can.”

“We both can.” Will smiled and squeezed Matt’s hand. Everything was going to change, he knew that, but maybe for the better.

“Then that's how we’ll do it baby,” Matt crooned, edging closer to the end of the path out of the woods. He took a deep breath of air, content.

They walked into the house, everything cleaned up from dinner, and Abigail was finishing her homework at the table. She looked up at them, head canted at Matthew on seeing their smiles.

“What’s… going on?”

“Your father and I have some news for you. News we hope you'll like,” Matt began, wrapping his arm around Will’s waist, wanting to let his fiance do the rest.

Will smiled as he leaned into Matt, flushing a little across his cheeks, warming. “We’re engaged.”

“What?” Abigail was on her feet fast, hugging them both tightly. “Really?”

Matt hooked one arm around her, as the other held Will, the dogs bouncing around happily too even if they didn't know why. He kissed the top of her head and then Will’s cheek. “Yeah, really baby bird. We’re all going to be on big happy flock soon.”

“I’m so happy for you guys,” Abigail said, squeezing them both the best she could.

“We’re thinking something out on a boat. Nothing big,” Will said.

“We’re counting on you to tell us if something isn't right, okay Abigail?” Matt grinned, wanting her to feel included, because she would be his stepdaughter soon enough.

“I can help plan it. You still have to plan it,” she insisted. “Will it be soon?”

Will shrugged, squeezing his arm around Matt. “We haven’t talked about it yet.”

Abigail hummed and took Will’s hand to look at the ring.

“Which is why we need your help. A young woman's touch.” Matt let her go, and embraced Will, once Abigail was finished looking at the ring.

Abigail smiled up at them both. “I’d like that!”

Will carded his hand through her hair and tugged her close for another hug. He let go. “Just don’t get carried away. It’ll be likely just be us and a priest.”

“Yeah, we want to keep it simple, but nice,” Matt grinned, watching both of them. He would protect them with his life, make sure no one harmed them, or tried to take them away from him.

“I can do simple,” she promised and skipped off back to her homework. “I’ll write some ideas down later for you guys.”

“Thanks.” Will took Matthew’s hand, pulling him into the kitchen for a drink.

“I think we should celebrate,” Matt said, agreeing with the decision to come into the kitchen.

“We should. Maybe that reserved bottle I haven’t opened? The whiskey?” Will asked, aware he’d hidden it from even himself, not that he could see it ever.

“Oh, now that’s a great idea,” Matt said, a smile in his tone. He knew where it was, so he went to get it, coming back with it, and two glasses. He opened the bottle, then started to pour, finally handing two fingers of it to Will. “To our love, our family, and a new life together, officially. Or it will be soon,my beautiful bird.”

Will raised his glass and Matt clinked them together. “To us.” He took a sip and hummed. It wasn’t wrong to have saved it.

“To us.” Matt took a drink as well, swallowing a third in one drink. He coughed, the strong drink burning his throat. “Damn, that’s some good whiskey.”

“I’m glad I saved it.” Will drank his down and set glass on the counter. He reached out for Matt and held him closer, grinning.

“So am I, baby,” Matt grinned, taking another drink, and then pulled Will closer, kissing him slowly. “Very much. I love you.”

“God, I love you, too,” Will whispered back and dove in for a longer kiss, taking his time to connect with Matt.

Matt felt his heart beat faster as they kissed, their connection strong, like steel. He put his drink down kissing him hungrily, but slowly. “I’m one lucky son of a bitch.”

“You are,” Will teased between heated kisses, fingers skimming over Matt’s abs through his shirt, where Will pushed him up against the counter.

“You’re sexy as fuck when you know just how amazing you are,” Matt whispered, noticing that Abigail was in her room. Matt grunted, muscles flexing as he was touched like that. “Like my body do you?”

“Yes,” Will groaned and pushed Matt’s shirt over his head, feeling out every groove with his hands. “I love touching you.”

“I love it when you touch me.” Matt grunted, watching Will’s fingers as they swept over his muscles. He leaned in and kissed his neck. “I love having my hands, and tongue on you too though.”

“You can do anything you want.” Will took his own shirt off, shrugging it to the floor, their clothes slowly piling at their feet.

Matt undid his jeans, and then Will’s, licking down to his chest, taking a nipple into his mouth. “So she won’t be back down then I’m hoping?”

“I heard her go up. She usually stays once she’s there,” Will chuckled, knowing his daughter’s habits well by now. He reached into Matt’s open jeans and palmed his length.

“Good.” He was learning them also, little by little, but he had to make sure. Matthew groaned when he felt Will’s hand on him, and he did the same, letting his rough palm work him over. “You’re so fuckin’ hard for me, baby.”

“Yeah-” Will moaned, stepping out of his jeans and into Matt, and then pushed his jeans off, too.

“Like it don’t you?” Matt asked, spitting on his hand to continue stroking him.

“I like everything you do.” Will kissed Matt again, long and wanting, pressing his tongue against his.

“Same, baby,” Matt growled, and let his hands fall to Will’s ass, pulling him into him as he rested against the counter, trapped. “I think my mate wants to be the Alpha tonight, am I right? Do you want to fuck your fiance over this counter?”

“Yes.” There wasn’t a beat or pause, just a breathless word as Will hooked his arm under Matt’s thigh and hiked him up onto the counter.

A quiet ‘fuck’ was murmured from Matt’s lips, and he braced himself with flat palms on the counter, watching Will take control. It was the sexiest thing he’d seen. “Take me, baby.”

Feeling around the counter near Matt, he found the olive oil, and doused his fingers with it first, pressing them inside of Matt, slowly, working him open. “Let me get you there first…”

Matt didn’t mind pain, but he was glad Will had a less impulsive mind than he did at the moment, he groaned, spreading his legs, heels on the edge of the counter as he leaned back. “Yeah, that feels fucking good…”

After a few minutes of that, Will slicked himself, and grabbed Matt by the hip, pulling him down over his length, pressing in slowly at first, their heads rested together for a moment. “Matt-”

“Will-” Matt whispered, his fiance’s name coming out like a prayer as his insides burned with pleasure. He pressed his lips with Will’s, licking into the hot cavern of his mouth slowly.

Will whipped his hips up into Matt, pulling him down over his length with each row. “God, you are hot…” Enveloped in Matt’s naturally high body heat, Will started to sweat, forming droplets over his skin.

“Burning just for you…” Matt growled, hooking his legs around Will’s waist, fingers curling under the rim of the counter. He licked his lips, heart thudding like a drum as he watched his beautiful mate in all his splendor. “Oh fuck, yes-”

“Good-” Will grunted, pleasure pooling in his spine, seeping down toward his groin and balls, threatening to spill.

“Very-” Matt huffed, sitting up to grip Will’s muscular shoulders, raking his nails down his back as he clung to him. Wet, slapping noises filled the kitchen, his body shaking with the promise of his own climax. His lover tapped his prostate perfectly, making every fiber of his being sing praises in his name.

A louder grunt from Will and he was spilling inside of Matt quicker than he wanted, but his beau never ceased to milk an orgasm from him one way or another. “Fuck-”

Feeling the pulse of Will’s cock, and the rush of wet heat flooding him, sent Matt over. He fisted his cock, quick, and rough, coming over the top of it to his chest. He panted, biting into Will’s mouth, his hole twitching and seizing. “Oh baby, fuck, fuck-!”

Huffing hard, Will slowed when he heard and felt the squeeze of Matt around him, chest heaving. “God, I love you.”

“I love you too, baby so fuckin’ much.” Matt kissed the words into Will’s mouth, his tongue sweeping over the soft satin of his cupid’s bow, their hearts beating as one.

Will rubbed his ringed hand up Matt’s chest, feeling glide and snag over curved muscle. “You’d better…”

“No worries there, beautiful,” Matt murmured, his fingers going down Will’s back, fingertips pushing into the skin covering his taut muscles.

***

“Please can I have some friends over?” Abigail begged weeks later, standing in front of Will, trying to use her best puppy eyes look, but it was no use to the blind man.

“It’s a school night, Abigail. It can happen another weekend. Besides the house is a mess,” Will said, not really aware, but there were a few things he’d kept tripping over that were where they didn’t belong.

“We’re going to study!”

“Abigail…”

The girl sighed, audibly, and stomped off.

Matt scratched his chin, sitting down next to Will. “What if I clean up, baby. She wants to study with them, it’s not like she’s throwing a party…”

“School night. She doesn’t need that distraction. They chatter all night too.” Will sighed, touching Matt’s thigh. “She doesn’t want to study, it’s an excuse.”

Placing his hand over Will’s, Matt rubbed it, and brought it to his mouth for a kiss. “That’s when I go in there and make sure they are studying, and that they quiet down, baby.”

“You don’t think I’ve tried that before?” Will asked with a turn of his head toward Matt’s voice.

“I’m sure you have, but I’m a new parental figure. It might seem different coming from me,” Matt answered, rubbing Will’s hand. “Maybe it’s not my place yet, but you’re awfully hard on her. She should get to enjoy things while she can, especially given her traumatic past.”

“It’s not too much to ask her to wait until the weekend,” Will said with a scowl. “Those were rules we set up when I adopted her, she agreed.”

“Don’t get testy, baby. We’re talking about this, and honestly, maybe new rules should be made since we’re practically almost married. That’s what family does,” Matt said, huffing just a little.

“So, I’m supposed to change every rule I made with her because we’re getting married. I should just go easy on her for that?” Will asked, though he hardly thought he was being unfair to Abigail. Teenagers tended to be like that, Alana said.

“I didn’t say every rule… I just mean that we need to talk about them, see if there’s any that needs to be adjusted, or taken out,” Matt said, crossing his arms over his chest. “When you marry someone, they become included, Will. I think you’re being overbearing on her. She works hard, does a lot for you and this house, and still keeps up her grades.”

Will stood, pacing, in the spot he knew to be there, the only spot that wasn’t slightly rearranged. “Everything works fine the way it is. Children need structure and rules. I’m not overly hard on her, she gets to what she wants, we even have a goddamn tv now, so don’t talk to me about parenting when you aren’t one. I bent on the television, I won’t bend on this.”

Matt stood up so hard he moved the chair. “I never fucking said to not have rules or structure.” He was getting mad, his eyes taking a different look, even if Will couldn’t see it, it was clear in his tone. “I may not be a parent, but I’m not stupid. I know how it works, and fuck would you quit bitching about the ‘goddamned’ television? You’d think I brought her a bag of weed the way you act about it. I get it, I do, I know why you don’t care for television, I get why you’re overprotective, but coddling her won’t help either. If she stays up talking, she’ll feel it the next day at school. She’ll learn she needs to pace herself, and be responsible.”

“She’s not your daughter!” Will seethed, forgetting where he was for a moment, taking a step in the wrong direction as he followed Matt’s voice. “I don’t coddle her. I have *rules*. They aren’t even that bad!”

“She’s not yours either!” Matt spat, livid now. It was over the line, but Will was making him feel unwanted, like he wasn’t part of the family. He shook from the force of his rage, restraining himself from picking up the lamp and smashing it. “You know what, little bird, fucking fine. I’ll just keep out of it then. I’m not part of the family I guess. You do what you want.”

Will blanched, taken aback for a moment, hands balled into fists at his side. “I never said you weren’t part of the family, but I’ve been the one that does the work with her. I was there to pick up all her pieces after what he birth father did to her. Not you. I know what’s best. You get to earn your place, and this isn’t how.” Will went to turn, reaching for what he thought was going to be the sill, but instead ran into the coffee table, ankle caught on it, he tripped. Winston was at his side instantly, nosing at his hand, and started to lead the limping sculptor away.

Despite being mad, Matt followed behind Will, not willing to let him walk away like that. He touched his hips. “So stubborn, let me help you,” he said, still angry, but he would protect them all, wanted or not. “And I wasn’t there no, but I am now. That’s not going to change.”

Winston whined but Will turned around to face Matt, his fingers guiding him. “I didn’t ask for it to change. I’m just asking you respect the rules that work for us. She’s a teen, she gets like this, she’ll be over it tomorrow.”

“Fine, Will, I’ll stay out of her life then, in that aspect,” Matt conceded, not wanting to be thrown out of the nest, not before it was properly weaved together. “You’re hurt. Let me look at your ankle, and get you on the couch. You can be pissed at me there, but I’m not bending on this.”

“That’s not what I’m saying,” Will sighed as he was lead to the couch, and his ankle put up on the coffee table. “Just… let’s not fix what’s not broken.”

Matt wasn’t a doctor of course, but he looked at his foot anyway, and got up to get an ice pack, wrapping it inside a towel. “This is going to be cold,” he said in warning, then placed it on Will’s ankle, sighing. “Alright, baby. Look, I’m sorry okay? I love you, I love her too. I want to feel like I’m… well I’ve never had a child, or a family really. My mom, well you know the story there.”

“I know. I want to include you, but I don’t want to argue about everything that works already.” Will hissed at the cold, pain shooting through his foot, and then ebbed away.

“It’s a little swollen. I’ll get you some ibuprofen,” Matt said, and got up to get it, bringing it back with water. He handed it over. “I don’t like arguing either. I just know that sometimes what works for one alone, or two, will need to be looked at when there’s a third person brought in is all. But I get it, it’s a school night. It’s fine, I don’t want to keep going around about it.”

“Thank you,” Will said, and took the pills with the water. “She does so well right now, I don’t want to ease up and she starts doing the same thing, easing up on her studies.”

“I understand,” Matt relented, for now at least. He didn’t really want a bunch of strange girls in their house anyway, but he did want to continue building a fatherly bond with Abigail.

“Thanks.” Will reached for Matt and pulled him down to his side. “She can have them over later when we clean up a little more.”

“Welcome baby, and okay, that works for me. I’m more worried about your ankle right now,” Matt said, wrapping his arm around Will. “I love you.”

“It’ll be fine. Just a little sprain,” Will murmured, and kissed Matt’s cheek. “I love you, too.”

“We’ll keep a check on it though, hm?” Matt whispered, and went one further, kissing Will’s lips.

Will smiled this time, their lips brushing. “Okay. I won’t be stubborn.”

Chapter 6

The next few months, Will spent a lot more time working on his sculptures to help them save up for enough money to have a decent wedding. He took various clients, most just wanted vases for their house, or pots for plants. But, none of that mattered as long as Will was bringing in money.

What did matter to Matt though, was when his little bird began working all the time, and talking about nude modeling--that was something he thought was of the utmost importance to discuss. He thought about it all day at work, and when he came home, he put down his lunch bag, looking for him. “Will?”

“Garage,” Abigail said, nodding toward the not connection garage out back.

“Thanks,” Matt smiled, and hugged her on his way out. He went into garage. “Hey baby.”

Working on his latest vase, Will turned his head at the sound of Matthew entering. “You're home? What time is it?”

“Five,” Matt answered, walking over to kiss his fiance on the mouth. “You’re usually done by now, working late again?”

“Just need to get this done so it dry overnight,” Will insisted, kissing Matt back, slowly. “I'll be just ten more minutes.”

Matt scratched the back of his neck. “Alright. I guess I’ll heat up the leftovers from last night.”

“There is a roast in oven with carrots and potatoes.” Will canted his toward Matt's voice. “Are you upset with me?”

“Thanks,” Matt said in reference to dinner, sighing and straightening up. “Just finish and we’ll talk. We need to talk though.”

Will sighed and finished up. He set the vase to dry for now, and then wandered back inside, locking the garage.

Matt had taken the roast out to set on the counter, and Abigail was up in her room. When he saw Will walk inside, he took a breath. “Ready to talk or do you want to eat first?”

“Let's talk.” Will washed his hands in the sink, scrubbing off the clay.

“Alright, that sounds good to me.” Matt leaned against the counter, licking his lips, and crossing his arms. “Firstly, I think you’re working a lot baby. I get why you’re doing it, but I can pick up the extra slack if need be. Especially if it means you’re going to try to do the nude modeling thing. Which is my second point. I would prefer you not get naked in front of a bunch of people.”

“Nothing is shown,” Will insisted, drying his hands on a towel and then turned toward Matt’s voice. “I’m trying to add more to our income so we can get away for a while after we get married.”

“And I appreciate it baby, but how is nothing shown when you’ll be naked? I don’t want you doing that. I can pick up overtime.” Matt touched Will’s shoulders, gently. He wouldn’t waver on this.

“It’s artistic. It’d be positions without my junk hanging out,” Will explained, but leaned in toward Matt. He didn’t want to fight about this, and if Matt was willing to work more, maybe that would be fine. “You’d do that?”

“Yeah, baby, course I would. I’d do anything for you,” Matt promised, running his hands down Will’s sides, around back to his ass. He didn’t want anyone even seeing him without his shirt. It didn’t matter if his private bits weren’t out.

For now, Will would let it go. If Matt did bring in the extra money, they could work without Will having to do the extra. “Alright. I’ll tell Alana no.”

“Thanks, little bird,” Matt smiled, and pulled Will to him, kissing him soundly. He couldn’t stand the thought of his fiance being forced to do that.

Honestly, Will hadn’t minded the idea. He’d never seen himself, let alone others, and it didn’t bother him. It bothered Matthew, so he would drop it. “It’s the one thing I can back down on.”

“I’m glad,” Matt said, because he wouldn’t have been able to sleep or do much knowing Will was doing that for a living. Not when he was able bodied himself, and could get extra hours. “I’ll set the table, hm?”

“I can do it,” Will insisted, kissing Matt one more time, and then turned to get the plates.

“Okay, well I’ll grab the beers,” Matt said, and then went to get two from the fridge, putting them on the table. He let the dogs out while Will took care of the table.

Everything set, Will called Abigail down, who plopped down into a chair at the table and smiled. “Is this what’s been cooking at all day? Smells great.”

“I put it in this morning,” Will said.

“It does smell good,” Matt agreed, rubbing his belly. He eyed the roast, and began cutting portions for everyone, dishing them out. “I’m starved. Thank you for cooking.”

“I had a little time before getting some clients things done,” Will answered and then took a bite once he was served.

Abigail hummed as she took a bite too.

Matt followed suit, taking a hearty bite, groaning around the fork. “It’s appreciated, baby. I’ve got the dishes.”

“Thank you.”

Half way through there was a knock at the door and the dogs all barked, expect for Winston who stayed by Will’s side. Hardly anyone ever just showed up at their house. Will stood, napkin on the table, and sighed. “I’ll get it.”

Matt raised his brows, even if only Abigail could see it, and waited. “Alright.”

When Will opened the door, there stood a sharp dressed man, clearly well to do, and very handsome. He smiled to himself. “Hey Will.”

“Oh hey,” Will said, recognizing the voice as Robert, one of his clients. “Did you call first? I didn’t hear the phone.”

“I couldn’t get a good signal, so no I didn’t,” Robert said, a smile still in his tone, looking past Will to see Matt eyeing him. “Sorry if it’s a bad time, but I wondered if the piece was ready, or if you...needed to feel my chest or face again to make any changes?” he asked, a hint of flirtation in his tone as he spoke quietly.

Will chuffed, shaking his head. “We’re in the middle of the dinner, currently. It’s almost done. I’m going to finish tonight and then fire in the morning. I can meet you somewhere to drop it off?”

“Why don’t we meet at the cafe on fourth?” Robert suggested, as Matt walked up.

He wrapped his arm around Will’s waist, then held out his hand. “I’m Matt, his fiance. Nice to meet you...Robert.”

“Matt, likewise. Will is a gifted sculptor,” Robert said, licking his lips as he eyed Will, then looked back at Matt with a smirk. “I don’t suppose you know much about art, though.”

“I know about a lot of things, *Robby.”* Matt glared at Robert, his eyes glinting dangerously, but he smiled all the same.

“So tomorrow, Will? The cafe? Sorry to have interrupted your dinner.”

“Yeah. That’s fine. What time?” Will asked, reaching behind him to hold Matt back, to soothe him.

Every muscle in Matt’s body tensed, but because of Will, he didn’t say another word, he just...watched. Robert seemed pleased.

“Noon?”

“Yeah. I’ll have it done by then.” Will nodded and then went to shut the door. “See you then.”

“See you then, Will.”

As soon as the door was closed, Matt stomped back to his chair, sitting down. “You know he’s flirting with you right?”

“What are you talking about?” Will asked, reaching for Matt, but he was gone. He sighed, heavily, and walked back to the table, counting his steps as not to get turned around. “I mean, he didn’t have to come here to ask about it, but he’s very upfront.”

“Damn right he’s fucking upfront,” Matt said, trying to keep his voice from raising since Abigail was still sitting at the table. “Look, I just don’t trust him. For obvious reasons you couldn’t see the looks he was giving me, and you.”

“Good thing tomorrow is the last I’ll see of him.” Will sat down again, and picked up his fork. “I’ll give him his bust and then go.”

“I take lunch around the same time usually. I can take you, if you want?” Matt asked, testing the waters there. He shoveled more food into his mouth.

“Okay,” Will said, only wanting to smooth this over and not cause a rift between them where Matt didn’t trust him. “I’d like that.”

“Thanks, baby,” Matt said, happy about that. He reached over and squeezed Will’s hand, taking it to kiss before he went back to eating.

“I’m sorry a client came by during dinner, too.” Will rubbed his thumb over Matt’s knuckles before letting him go.

“It’s okay,” Abigail chimed in, trying to cut the tension with her small voice.

Matt reached over and rubbed Abigail’s arm, giving her a smile. He turned his face back to Will. “It’s not your fault, little bird.” Finishing his dinner, he chugged his beer. “That was good.”

Will finished and then got up with Abigail to take the dishes to the sink. “I’m glad you both liked it.”

“Let me get those,” Matt said, hopping up to go over to where they were. “You two go rest and I’ll be right in.”

“Okay.” Will leaned and pecked Matt’s cheek, and then let Abigail lead him out to the living room. She put on Jeopardy, the only show so far Will managed to sit through.

***

The next day Will gathered the bust he’d finished off, and Matt picked him up in the truck. They drove into town, to the cafe, where they parked, a few minutes early yet. Will took a deep breath, now more worried about Robert and this meeting after Matt mentioned the flirting.

“Please, don’t make a scene, okay? If he does it again, just let me handle it.”

“I’ll let you handle it, baby, but if he touches you, I make no promises,” Matt said, rubbing Will’s leg. He thought for certain that Robert wouldn’t be that dumb.

“You can stay right by me,” Will insisted, pushing the car door open.

“I plan on it, little bird,” Matt agreed, and got out, jogging over to help Will with the bust. He stayed right beside him.

It was then that Robert walked up, furrowing his brow when he saw Matt was with Will. “Will and...Mike, right?”

“Matt.”

“We had a standing lunch date I forgot about, so we’re killing two birds with one stone,” Will said to Robert, bust held out toward his voice. “I hope it’s to your liking.”

Robert took the bust, and smiled. “It’s beautiful. Perfect. I would expect no less from someone like you though,” he said, and Matt gritted his teeth, cutting Robert a hateful look. “Can I buy you a coffee first? Matt, you can come too, if you want, but it will be mostly talk of art, things like that. It wouldn’t interest you.”

Matt took Will’s hand, giving it a squeeze to let him know he was about to lose his cool.

Will smiled toward Robert’s voice. “That’s okay. Maybe another time, but Matt only has a little while for lunch. Enjoy the bust. It was a pleasure to do it for you.”

That smile from Will, and the way Robert preened to it, enraged Matt. “Yeah, maybe another time we can both meet you.”

Robert touched Will’s arm, squeezing, but before he could get a word out to Will, Matt pushed his hand away. “Don’t fucking touch him.”

“Matt-” Will started, and then pulled away from Robert a little more. “Robert, Matt’s my fiance. I need that clear. You’re my client. That’s it.”

“No, of course, I meant nothing by it,” Robert lied, then gave Matt a little smirk. Matt burned holes in him, his eyes deadly with rage.

“Thank you. Then, it was a pleasure doing business with you,” Will said, having already been paid, he took Matt’s hand.

“You’re welcome, I’m sure i’ll be in touch for other pieces later,” Robert said, then gave Matt a challenging look as he walked off. Matt laced his fingers with Will’s, holding tight.

“I want to ram my fist into his fucking face,” Matt seethed, walking with his beau towards their vehicle.

“Thank you for not losing it,” Will whispered, letting Matt open the door and help him back up into it. “It’s done now.”

“I gave you my word,” Matt said, though inwardly his mind was going to some very dark places. He closed the door for Will, then got inside, backing out once they were fastened in. “If he calls you again, comes by, or anything, let me know, baby.”

“Okay.” Will didn’t want to push the subject. He reached over and grasped Matt’s thigh, getting that dark feeling of his over him, taking it in. Will bit his lip.

Knowing Will was empath, Matt tried to change his thoughts, his feelings, but he really couldn’t. He wanted to destroy Robert, tear him limb from limb. “So are you hungry? I have to get back to work soon but we can grab a bite.”

On the contrary, Will found the darkness he felt to be… exhilarating. He shook his head. “No, well… yes, I am hungry.” He inched his hand up Matt’s thigh.

Matt’s thoughts did shift then and he placed his hand over Will’s, rubbing in encouragement. “Well, let’s see about sating you. Actually, all of that worked up and appetite for me too, beautiful.” Taking a side road, Matt drove until he found a desolate spot, cutting off the engine.

Once they were stopped, Will unbuckled them both and crawled over Matt’s lap. “Still keep that lube in here?”

“In the center console, baby, yeah,” Matt rumbled, covering Will’s mouth with his own, hungrily. He ran his hands down his back, and under his shirt, peeling it off of him.

Ducking his head, Will helped shrugged the shirt off and then reached for the console, opened it, and pulled the small container out. This wasn’t their first trollop in the truck, and hardly their last. Will palmed down Matt’s chest to his jeans, and then undid them. Matt pulled out his cock, then took off his own shirt, undoing Will’s jeans next. He helped him out of them, and slicked up his cock before leaning forward to bite at his fiance’s neck.

“Best lunch ever, beautiful bird.”

“I do what I can,” Will groaned, jeans kicked to the side, he rested over Matt’s lap, rubbing himself over his cock to slick up his pucker.

Matt reached around and pressed two slicked fingers into Will’s hole, working him open. When he felt the ring of resistance give, he tapped his beau’s hole with his cock, inserting it inside, slowly. Groaning, he took his mouth, slipping his hot tongue inside to dance with his mate’s. “Mm.”

“Matt-” Will managed, hands gripping his broad shoulders, digging in as he leveraged himself, starting to ride Matt hard and fast.

“Will...fuck-” Matt growled, pressing his hips up to go deeper. He wrapped both arms around him, gripping, his face pressed against his chest.

Groaning, Will bucked down, sweat slicking their bodies together as the windows fogged up. “Oh, fuck…”

Matt’s movements were possessive, love filled, and nearly desperate as he thrusted up, meeting each of Will’s descents. He slid his hand up to hold the back of Will’s head, pulling him to crash their lips together in sheer feral ecstasy as the truck rocked. Their tongues slid

together in time with the crash of their bodies, heat building from their cores out, panted breaths warming the air.

Grunting, Matt sucked Will's tongue, fervently, his fingers digging into Will's muscular ass. He was close, almost agonizingly so; he sped up, and with his other hand, pushed the center console back, flipping his beau onto his back. He bracketed his head, and drove inside of him, his teeth latching onto Will's chin with a growl.

"Oh fuck, Matt-" Will gasped, wrapping his muscular legs around his hips, keeping the bursts close and hard, reaching the tip of his impending orgasm. "Touch me…"

Matt did exactly that, running his hand down Will's cheek, to his lips, then to his chest where he traced a pert nipple. He continued his pace, his fingertips trailing Will's side to grip his hip, then finally hooked to spread his cheek, kissing his mouth slowly. When he took a breath he murmured, "I love you, Will."

"I love you," Will managed, taking Matt's hand and moving it to his cock, needing that friction on both pleasure zones, close to spilling over.

Stroking Will in time with his thrusts, Matt moaned, deep and throaty, his own release burgeoning. He went harder still, balls thudding against his lover's ass. "Yeah, baby, fuck, you feel so good-"

Growling out his cries of pleasure, Will tensed, spilling over Matt's fingers and onto his own belly and chest. He squeezed around Matt, pulling out every last sound he could manage. Matt didn't hold back any longer, he let himself go, lost to passion. With a few more thrusts, he came, coating the inside of his fiance's walls, biting kisses into his mouth.

"Will-!"

Chest heaving, Will grasped every limb around Matt, holding him. "Matt. Matt…" He kissed him as their bodies slowed, long and languid, lovingly.

It solidified their union further in Matt's mind and he knew he'd do *anything* to make sure that no other birds tried to enter their love nest. Kissing him back, he strummed through Will's hair, gazing at him. "My baby...my perfect every-fucking-thing."

They'd be married in a month, and Will knew there was no one else for him, despite Matt's temper, which he was starting to find the darkness… sexy. "Yours."

"Mm, good. I'm yours too, little bird," Matt whispered, kissing Will a few more times, cutting his eyes to the clock on the truck radio. "Better get dressed and get you home so I get go back to work."

"Yeah," Will hummed, and then reached to feel out his shirt first, pulling it on. "Got napkins or something in here?"

"I do, baby," Matt answered, licking off Will's spend from his fingers, then his belly and chest. That would save on some of the cleanup. He chuckled, humming, and got some

napkins from the glovebox. Handing them over, he kissed Will once more. “There you go, sexy.”

Will used them to wiped his ass out the best he could, and then waded them up. He pulled his boxers and jeans on, and moved to the passenger seat once more. “Hope you weren’t actually hungry.”

“I ate my lunch on my nine o'clock break,” Matt assured, chuckled as he wiped his cock off, his fingers, and did up his jeans. He started the truck, then put it into drive, taking off. “I can stop through someplace if you are though?”

“Leftovers at home,” Will said with a smile, buckling back in.

“Just wanted to check,” Matt replied, smiling back as he buckled up and drove at the same time.

“I’m making meatloaf for dinner. That okay?” Will asked, seeing that Matt was picking up more hours, the least he could do was try to get meals done.

“Perfect, baby. Thanks. Maybe some potatoes?” Matt asked, rubbing Will’s thigh appreciatively. He liked it very much in fact, knowing Will would be free more, at the same time, he would have to keep an eye out for that Robert asshole.

“Yeah, and some green beans,” Will insisted, because they had to try and be a little healthy with Abigail in the house.

“Course baby. We can have sweet potatoes if you prefer,” Matt offered, a man who took good care of his body, ate right mostly, and worked out.

“I’ll see what we have at home,” Will insisted, and leaned over to kiss Matt’s cheek, leaning his head against his shoulder.

Matt turned his face and kissed Will’s curls, sighing happily as he went down one of the dirt roads towards their home. “Sounds good. I just appreciate it.”

“Least I can do,” Will insisted, squeezing his hand around Matt’s well formed bicep.

With a hum, Matt turned, nearing the house; he rubbed Will’s hand and cleared his throat. “So I’ve been wondering. Are you taking my name, or?”

“Brown?” Will’s brows raised a little, and he shrugged. “I haven’t given it a lot of thought.”

“We could combine our last names and forge a new one. Brownham?” Matt chuckled, pulling into their drive, gravel crunching under the tires.

“Cute.” Will gave Matt a kiss and let the discussion drop. “I’ll see you tonight.”

Cute. Well it was better than a no, but why hadn’t Will contemplated it more. Was it due to Robert? Was his fiance becoming uncertain? Matt didn’t no, but he kissed Will back, rubbing his cheek. “Alright, baby. I’ll be home at seven instead of five. Love you.”

“I love you, too,” Will whispered, kissing Matt harder, feeling his uncertainty in him. “Maybe you should take my name, by the way.”

“I’ll take your name,” Matt answered, not minding, he just didn’t want to ever lose him. Kissing Will back, he held him tightly. “Matthew Graham has a nice ring to it.”

“It sure does.” Will hummed into the intimacy of it, their closeness. Matt’s stirring darkness wrapped around him, like a thick blanket, holding him, cradling him.

Matt nuzzled Will, drowning in his scent, in everything about him. He kissed his neck and then let go. “I hate to do it, but I have to get going.”

“I’ll see you tonight.” Will kissed Matt once more, and then let go, slipping out of the truck carefully.

“Tonight, baby,” Matt smiled, licking his lips. He waited until Will was inside, then he backed out, heading back to work.

***

Weeks passed and Will heard from Robert a few times, a couple of phone calls, and he said he wanted another sculpture done, so Will offered to meet with him while Matt was home. A warning was given, of course, so that Matt could be in the room.

“Just… let me do my business, you do something else.”

“I’ll keep quiet, unless he crosses the fucking line,” Matt said, giving a warning of his own that he wouldn’t allow bullshit in their home, right under his nose. He didn’t like the idea that Will was evening working with him again or for him. Either way he wasn’t happy.

Even with Matt working more, the money would be good. Will only needed to see Robert once to get to work on what he wanted. “You can be here, I don’t mind. Just keep calm please.”

“I’ll be calm,” Matt said, though as he’d mentioned before, he’d be nice, unless he had a reason not to be. Matt leaned over and kissed Will soundly, holding him for a minute. “Love you baby.”

Will smiled and held Matt there, arms around him. “I love you. I really do.”

“I know. I trust it, and I trust you.” Matt smiled back, nuzzling Will. It was that Robert that he didn’t trust. A moment into enjoying their time, Robert knocked on the door. “I guess I should let you go so you can answer. Or I can?”

“You can.” Will kissed Matt twice, long and hard, and then let him go.

“Okay, little bird.” Matt licked his lips, then let his fingers trail off of Will as he went to the door to open it.

“Mike, good to see you again.”

“Matt.”

Robert smirked, then walked over to Will, a vase with flowers in it, as Matt crossed his arms, eyes narrowed. He knew Will couldn’t see but he thought he would enjoy the scent. “Hey Will. Brought these flowers for you -- your studio. You and your family.”

“Oh, great. Yeah. I hope they aren’t tulips, I’m deathly allergic,” Will said with a small smile, and Abigail came up behind him and reached for them.

“I’ll go put them… somewhere,” she said and wandered off.

“Not tulips. Roses and carnations.” Robert smiled to himself. “So what do you need me to do?”

“What did you want done?” Will asked, sure it was going to be some sculptor of a pet or something.

“I have a couple of ideas in mind. Maybe a full body sculpture, or if not that then just my hands.” Robert sat down near Will, ignoring Matt, who sat close as well, leaning on his forearms to watch intently.

“I don’t do full body,” Will insisted, able to feel Matt seething. “Hands could be… fun.”

“Great, hands it is. Should we go into your studio then? I’m sure Mike has stuff to do anyway. We wouldn’t want to disrupt him.”

Will sighed. “Actually, *Matt* has things to do around the studio, the garage. He’ll be nearby.” Will was starting to get a bad feeling.

“Matt. Yeah Matt, that’s what I meant,” Robert said, then got up, seeing Matthew do the same. “Ready whenever you are.”

Abigail went upstairs and Will nodded, standing, reaching for Matt’s hand, to make a point. “Let’s go to the garage.”

Matt gave Robert a look and walked with Will. “My pleasure baby,” he said, going as far to wrap his arms around his fiance from behind. Robert rolled his eyes to himself, and followed along.

Once in, Will flipped the light switch for everyone else, and shuffled to his station, feeling around for the left there. “Alright, hands?”

Robert stood in front of Will, and held out his hands as Matt kept a distance. “Should I sit or stand?”

“Either way,” Will said, indifferent, as he took Roberts hands and felt them, touched them, hold them to feel the curves, and then moved to the clay, in two chunks, working with one hand first.

Robert sat right in front of Will, gazing right at him, cologne wafting his way. At least Robert hoped he'd like it. Matt crossed his arms, biceps flexing as he watched. The phone rang then, and Matt sighed.

"I'll be *right* back, baby."

"Alright," Will said with a smile as he canted his up toward his soon-to-be husband.

Matt pecked Will's lips, and cut Robert a warning glare before jogging out.

"Alone at last," Robert crooned, when Matt was gone.

"I don't know if you've realized that I'm not interested, but I'm not," Will insisted with a heavy sigh. "This is a working client relationship, Robert. If that isn't enough for you, you should probably leave."

"I know you have to say that because he's around. He's not here right now, sexy," Robert whispered, then took Will's face and kissed him soundly.

Pushing Robert away, Will shoved his palms into the other man's shoulders. "No-"

Robert gripped Will then, growling. "Fucking cock tease." He tried to kiss him again, even though no had been said.

At that moment Matt came in, saw the scene, heard what Will said and became enraged. Who the *fuck* was this pompous fucking invader who thought he could touch *his* Will. *His* fiance? Matt wanted to rip out his vile heart, crush it in his fist. He grabbed Robert and ripped him back off of Will by his supposed perfectly combed hair, and back onto the ground. With a wild, dangerous grin he straddle him, the weak fool unable to even realize what happened to him. Imposter. He began punching him hard, iron fists cracking against 'flawless' skin. The bastard was going to fucking die for trying to take what was his, for encroaching on their happy, peaceful homelife.

In the fit of rage, Will had been pushed back, toppling over something he'd usually feel first, a bench probably, and landed with his head smashing against the wall. Will groaned, the sickening thuds of bone on flesh was not hard to mistake, but Will disorientated. Managing to turn himself around, on his hands and knees, Will reached for the wall, but couldn't manage to get back up.

"Matt?"

Laughing as he beat Robert over and over, Matt was running on insanity, on rage, on immense jealousy. "It's alright, little bird," he called out, glaring into the pleading eyes of the man on the floor. His face was changing beautifully, Matt thought. From perfect to fucking goddamned broken. Good. He wanted the unworthy fuck to suffer. Destroy the well put together, 'oh so fucking successful' man out of his misery. Another blow, another clutch to his throat. Soon he'd be done. Threat eliminated.

The protests had stopped, the heavy breathing was only Matt's now. Will shook his head, but still couldn't manage on his feet, head throbbing. "Matt? C'mon, just…"

Robert was dead but Matt continued, gritting his teeth. He finally tired, but he grasped the corpse by his collar and leaned over him, grinning maniacally, whispering something in his ear, as though it would be heard. Just as quickly as the rage had begun. It was over. Letting him go, he took a breath, and stood, wiping his hands on his own shirt.

"Baby, are you okay?" Matt asked, still winded, offering Will his hand. "Robert is gone. He had to go."

On his feet, Will shook. Something was off, more than usual. He knew Matt had a streak, that his jealousy could get in the way of his thinking, but he never thought it would amount to this. "Yeah." Will was blind, but not stupid, and yet Matt clearly assumed he had no idea what he had done. "I'm gonna… go inside. Get a glass of water and an aspirin."

"Let me help you, lead you out of here," Matt insisted, not wanting Will to trip over the body. He would know then. No, Matthew needed time to hide it. "I'll.. I love you, little bird. Let me just help you in okay?" He wasn't mad any longer but something had been opened, the cage was gone, and the darkness inside out with it. Seeing that man trying to take what was and is his, well, there would be no going back.

Allowing it this time, Will nodded, head aching. "Thanks…" He was lead into the house where he got what he needed, swallowing down the pills. Luckily, Abigail was still in her room.

"You should try to rest, baby. Let me get you a cloth for your head," Matt offered, kissing Will's cheek.

"Yeah. I'm… going to just sit on the couch for a minute." Will shuffled with Matt's help to the couch. He didn't say a word about what he heard, and he knew if he had, Matt would deny it. There was really only one thing that Will could do now.

Matt loved Will, he did what he did for their little nest. What other action would a hawk have taken? Before going to get the cloth, he stroked Will's jaw, taking his hand to thumb over the engagement band. "Are you okay, baby?"

"Yeah. I just fell, it's okay," Will insisted, flinching a little at the touch, his trust in Matt having crumbled.

"Alright," Matt sighed, and got up to get the cloth. He brought it back and handed it to Will. "So the phone call from before. It was work. I need to drive there and take care of something. I forgot to lock the forklift and secure the crane. I'll be back in about an hour and a half okay? Will you be okay here by yourself?"

"Yeah. I'll be fine. Abigail's here." Will knew it wasn't true, but he was going to take anything he could right now to get Matt away so he could make a call.

A necessary lie to protect, Matt thought. He'd only killed one other time, when he was a teen. It had been as wonderful as it was just now, no remorse. He kissed Will's lips once and grabbed his keys. "Okay beautiful bird. I'll be back, then i'll take care of you. We can forget this night and focus on what's important."

With that, Matt gazed at Will once more, and went to the garage to grab Robert. A few minutes later and he was gone.

Once Matt was gone, Will hit his speed dial for the police.

***

Ten minutes later Will heard tires screech on the rocky pavement outside his home. Abigail came rushing down stairs, panicked, and hugged Will when she saw he was alright. He hugged her tightly, reassuringly.

"Why are the cops here?" she asked, quietly, not seeing Matthew anywhere.

"Matt killed someone."

"Robert?"

"Yeah."

"You didn't stop him?"

"Couldn't. He doesn't know I know."

Abigail went silent, watching out the window as the cops stormed the garage, but Matt was gone. The police came to the door, and knocked, and Will opened it, keeping Abigail behind him.

"He's not in there, we did find blood on the ground. No body," the officer said.

"He said something about… the yard. He works construction, for P.J. Builders."

"You think he might try to dump the body?"

"I think he would."

"What's the truck look like?"

Will sighed. "I don't know. I'm blind."

"But you said you saw him--"

"Look, I heard it. I know what I heard. Abigail, what's the truck look like?" Will touched her hand from where she stood behind him, and she peeked her face out at the cop.

"It's white." She rattled off the license plate number for them.

“Alright, we’ll see what we can do, if he comes back here, call us.”

“Thanks,” Will said, and shut the door, locking it. He slumped against the door, sliding down, and Abigail wrapped her arms around him. He felt numb and cold, like everything he thought to be real wasn’t. It would take a long time to come back from this, he knew, but with Alana’s help, maybe he’d make it. Maybe they both would.

***

Matt was pouring the concrete over the body of the late Robert, enjoying himself, and looking forward to a wonderful evening with his fiance when he saw the flash of blue and red. There was nowhere to run. The question was, how had they found him? The cars pulled up and surrounded him, five at least, if not more on the way. Officers piled out of the cars, some behind doors, and some coming up on Matt fast.

“Matthew Brown? Stand down. You’re surrounded. Hands on your head, get on your knees.”

“Just working late, officer,” Matt insisted, the wet cement covering the body. “There’s no crime there, right?”

“Get on your knees, hands on your head,” the officer insisted once more, another pair coming up behind Matt.

Matt did as he was told, holding his hands up and out, as though he were being crucified unjustly, before finally putting them on his head. “I was on my way home to my fiance, Will. He can vouch for more.”

“That right?” the officer asked, getting close, putting his gun away as the other two cuffed Matt and pulled him to his feet. “We’ve talked to Will. He’s the one that called us and told us what happened. Says you killed man.” The officer looked down into the cement that was pouring over in the hole. “We need need a team to dig this up. Got a feeling the body is in there.”

“You’re lying! He wouldn’t do that! He fuckin’ loves me!” Matt yelled, starting to fight as much as he could. His heart was breaking. How could Will do that to him?

“How else would we have found you, Mister Brown?” Two more cops joined in, keeping Matt steady as they walked him to a car to put him in. “You have the right to remain silent…” The officer continued to prattle off the Matt’s rights to him and then shut the door on the car.

Inside, Matt cried, which was likely the only time he had in as long as he could remember, but then it was as though something flipped inwardly. He became numb in an instant, smiling through the residual salty stream on his cheeks when he remembered… they were mated for life. Destined to be together. Nothing could separate them, not even institution bars.

They were *hawks.*

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